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Desert

WESTERN TRAVEL / ADVENTURE / LIVING

JUNE 1968

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ON DESERT TRAILS by Randall Henderson, founder and publisher of *Desert Magazine* for 23 years. One of the first good writers to reveal the beauty of the mysterious desert areas. Henderson's experiences, combined with his comments on the desert of yesterday and today, make this a MUST for those who really want to understand the desert. 375 pages, illustrated. Hardcover. \$5.00.

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JUNE COLOR PHOTOS

The brilliant red rock country near Sedona, Arizona is featured on this month's cover. Photograph of the spectacular area on U. S. Alternate 89 from Prescott to Flagstaff is by Robert F. Campbell, Concord, Calif. Illustrating Eugene Foushee's article on the fantastic formations in Southern Utah is a photograph of Monument Valley by Ralph R. Paxton, Carmel, Calif. Back cover photo, saguaros near Bartlett Dam, Arizona.

Thirty-one Years of Progress

DESERT Magazine is now in its thirty-first year. During those 31 years of progress there have been only four changes of ownership—and during those challenging years the basic philosophy and purpose of DESERT has not changed.

Ending his editorial "There Are Two Deserts" in the first issue of this publication, Founder Randall Henderson stated:

"We want to give the folks who live on the Desert—and to those who are interested in the Desert—something that will make their lives a little happier and a little finer—something worthwhile. In the accomplishment of this purpose we ask for the cooperation and help of all friends of the Desert everywhere."

Since Randall Henderson wrote his editorial in November, 1937, the desert has changed physically in many ways; air-conditioned homes and automobiles have made the summer months no longer unbearable; where there was once only wastelands, there are homes and irrigated farmlands. Modern highways have replaced country dirt roads, and where prospectors with gold pans once pulled their burros down washes, modern prospectors with metal detectors ride in 4-wheel-drive vehicles and dune buggies.

But the moods and challenges of the desert will never change. They intensify as more and more people discover the beauty and appreciation of nature. In the old days the desert belonged only "to us desert rats and God, and of the two mostly to us desert rats." Today it belongs to everyone who loves and has learned to appreciate the vastness of the open plains, the hidden oasis with palms and palos verdes, alluvial fans and mountains and the mysteries which are the Great American Desert of the West.

As announced in last month's issue, Choral Pepper has sold her half interest in DESERT Magazine to William Knyvett, a long-time desert dweller and former business associate of this publication. He will be publisher and Jack Pepper will take over the editorial duties. Although the basic editorial policy and philosophy will not change, we will continue to enlarge DESERT and add new features.



Bill Knyvett DESERT Magazine's new partner, and Jack Pepper examine a current issue and discuss future plans for the monthly publication. DESERT was founded 31 years ago to explore and explain the desert areas of the West.

For the past three years the July and August issues have been combined into a Summer Vacation Edition. We have decided to again publish these issues separately so henceforth there will be 12 single issues a year. During the summer months, when the lower deserts are too hot for pleasant exploring and traveling, our articles will cover the higher elevations, mountains and lakes of the West.

Ninety percent of the areas covered in our travel articles throughout the year can be reached by passenger car over good, back-country gravel roads. It is by leaving the paved highways and taking these secondary roads you find the adventure and beauty of the desert. When an area can be reached only by 4-wheel-drive or dune buggy, we will make this fact clear. We also will print more and larger maps to aid you in finding designated areas.

Here at the DESERT Magazine building in Palm Desert, and through our Mail Order Department, we handle approximately 200 non-fiction books on the West. We will continue to select and review new books on Western Ameri-

cana as they are published and make them available to you.

As stated previously, we will continue to make certain changes in order to improve DESERT Magazine. But these changes will not be made on arbitrary decisions by us, but rather they will be predicated on what our readers want. We cannot continue to grow and improve without your suggestions and criticisms.

In every tenth copy of this issue there is a reader survey questionnaire. The questionnaire is not to pry into your private affairs, but rather to give us the information we need to give you a better DESERT. If your magazine contains this questionnaire, please take a few minutes to answer the questions. Do NOT sign it—we do not need your name, just your honest opinions. But PLEASE fill out the questionnaire and return it to us in the postage-paid envelope in your issue. If your magazine does not contain the questionnaire, and you would like to have one, drop us a card and we will send it to you. We need your help so we can continue to improve your DESERT.

William Knyvett
Publisher

Jack Pepper
Editor

BOOK REVIEWS

ESTEVANICO THE BLACK

By John Upton Terrell

The discoverer of Arizona, New Mexico and Cibola was not a Spanish conquistador or a Catholic missionary, but an African slave who was killed by Indians because he lived too well.

So maintains John Upton Terrell in his fascinating and well documented book, "Estevanico The Black," which undoubtedly will create great controversy among history buffs of the Southwest. Many will take exception to his views concerning Fray Marcos, whom previous historians have credited with being the first European in the disputed areas.

How Estevanico rose from a Moorish slave to actually leading a Spanish expedition in the 16th Century reads more like fiction than fact. John Upton Terrell is also author of Journey Into Darkness, Black Robe, Furs By Astor and other important histories.

"Estevanico was incomparably courageous. He was trusted and respected by hundreds in numerous tribes between the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of California . . . with Cabeza de Vaca, Andres Dorantes and Alonzo del Castillo, he made the greatest journey into the unknown in North American history . . . the first crossing of the Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific north of Mexico. Estevanico was one of the most intrepid, brave, indomitable and accomplished explorers of the New World." states the author. Hardcover, 155 pages, \$6.95.

OLD ARIZONA TREASURES

By Jesse Rascoe

In order to write this book the author spent years researching through old newspaper files, Spanish and Mexican archives, and local, federal and territorial government records. Included among the "many secret sites" in Arizona are haciendas, stage stops, stage routes, mining camps, abandoned forts, missions and other historical landmarks. The book is well written, especially the sections dealing with robberies and stage holdups. The book contains many anecdotes which, to this reviewer's knowledge, have not been previously covered in other Arizona histories. Paperback, 120 pages, \$3.00.

THE MOUTH BLOWN BOTTLE

By Grace Kendrick

Many books, some good and some bad, have been published on bottle collecting, which now has nearly as many addicts as gem collecting. These books identify bottles and list their current values, but do not describe how these bottles were made.

Grace Kendrick's new book is an extensive history of the bottle-making industry prior to the twentieth century. Much of the information and many of the excellent photographs were obtained by the author personally in Mexico, where bottles are still formed by the method utilized by man ever since the time of Christ.

Author of two excellent books, "The Antique Bottle Collector" and "The Price Supplement to the Antique Bottle Collector," Grace Kendrick has been collecting and researching bottles for more than eight years. Bottle collectors will find their hobby much more interesting after reading this book. Hardcover, profusely illustrated, 200 pages, \$6.95.

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San Bernardino's Fossil Beds

by Helen Walker



*L*odo el mundo fore-
glimpse a bright and
wonderful future. But
let you and me, while
we are alone, take a
long look into the past.

I don't mean just a few centuries, but back so far that geologists had to devise an itinerary to classify the time. They call it the "geological time scale."

It is thought that our earth may be four-and-one-half billion years old. For classification purpose, geologists have agreed that the time prior to 80 million years ago would be called pre-cambrian. Forward of that, the scale would begin. As the basis of our landscape is rock and its by-product ingredients, it was decided to use these as a basis for dating the time periods. Exciting new discoveries are continually feeding information into the outline of time. Today we have a more or less descriptive picture of our pre-historic past.

It is evident that our earth had an overlay of land and sea. We are gaining knowledge of how these were characterized by their raising and lowering, flooding and drying out. Complete climatic changes followed in their wake, thus our landscape, as we see it today, was shaped. But who is to say that the final stamp of approval has been given?

In our own back yards are examples to ponder. However, by venturing out into the country, a greater awareness is achieved. One of my favorite spots for a base camp is at the Fossil Beds near Barstow, California. It is easily reached by taking a left turn off the Fort Irwin Road north of town. Here you can revel in a moonscape atmosphere while you investigate the past.

During the relatively recent Miocene Epoch, a mere 20-million years ago, this now arid surface was a tropical spa.

High-rise grasses and swaying palms covered the area. Palms shaded cool water holes, which in turn lured a population of birds and beasts. A variety of grass eating animals, insect eating birds, camels, and small horses were stalked by the sabre-tooth tiger and an ancestor of our present day bear. They lived, ate, fought, and died here, leaving their remains preserved in mud and volcanic ash.

As you drive through the one-way road of Rainbow Canyon Loop, glance around at the multi-colored formations of mud and sandstone. Notice how the strata is twisted and buckled, having resisted, then yielded, to the forces that heaved from within. By its continual shuffling, secrets in the form of flora and fauna fossils are being forfeited. This particular area plays an important role in the completion of our time scale outline.

Next take a short drive east from your base camp to the Calico Mountains. Here too, the color is rampant. From a distance these hills give the impression of a patchwork quilt, the colors composed of motley scraps of volcanic and sedimentary rocks. Calico's claim to fame was the bonanza of silver mines that flourished in the late 1800s. Today people wander through the famous ghost towns of these mountains and poke around the mine tailings, ever hopeful they may spot a piece of forgotten ore.

The eastern foot of the Calico Mountains lies in part of the Mojave Desert Natural Resources Preservation Area. It is near here that the San Bernardino County Museum has had an archaeological excavation in progress since 1964.

The Newberry and Rodman Mountains lie to the south, joined by the San Bernardino Mountains, Santa Monica and



Base camp in the fossil bed area

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San Gabriels, which form the only transversed range in the western United States. Through this basin, the Mojave River flows from west to east, at certain seasons running under ground. However, the flow is steady. During the Pleistocene, or Ice Age, a vast series of lakes existed here which were formed and fed by flooding during a great alluvial, or rain-fall period. This run-off also swelled the Mojave River and it over-flowed into the valley to form Manix Lake. At its peak depth, the lake stood at a height of 1780 feet and covered an area of 200-square miles. At the east end it overflowed the Cady and Cave mountains, creating what we know today as Afton Canyon. The water continued on and formed Lake Mojave, then turned north and flowed into Death Valley.

Along the water edge a material called tufa was formed. This occurred as the water sloshed against the shore and, in turn, was evaporated or dried in the sun, leaving behind the chemical substance, tufa. Fortunately for geologist, this material was organic and may be dated by radio carbon. By this means, a date of 19,750 has been given to the maturity of Pleistocene Lake Manix. The silt of the former beds consists of clay and sandstone deposits and are reported in excess of 75 feet deep in some areas.

In plentiful supply are samples of chalcedony and, in smaller amounts, chert and jasper. The chalcedony is a clue that ties together the archaeological and geological factors. The source of this material was the Calico Mountains. It was washed down the alluvial fan and deposited above the shore line of Lake Manix. Artifacts made from this material have been found, giving us reason to believe that man occupied this land some 20,000 years ago.

Today, modern freeways criss-cross the basin. Union Pacific Railroad winds through the deep floor of Afton Canyon. At high speed, one gets a fleeting glance of the hills—enough to mentally note the splash of bright color of the Calicos in sharp contrast to the yellow and tan blur of the desert floor. Others, of course, see nothing and snooze away the miles. But once you have walked or driven through this landscape you will become graphically aware of its exciting and turbulent past. □

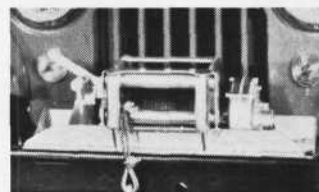


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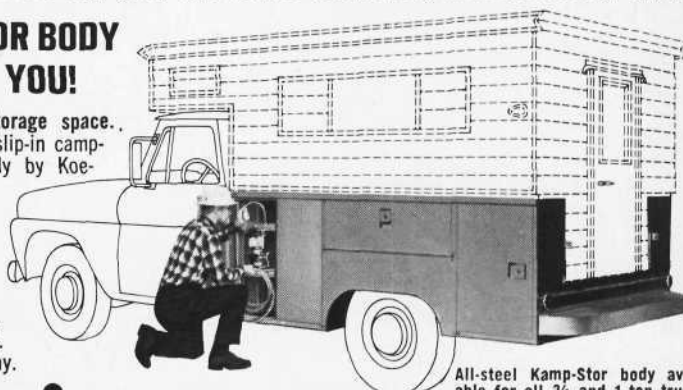


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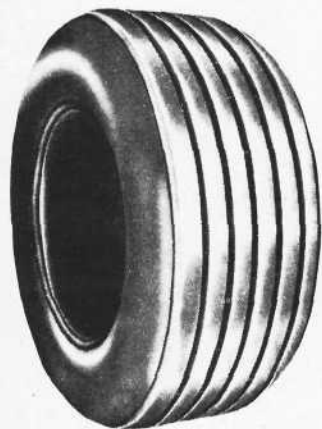
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**Northern Nevada has
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such as seen on . . .**

A Trip to Leadville

by Doris Cerveri



Leadville, Nevada



LEADVILLE, a small town now ghostly and deserted, did not make much of a splash in mining circles although production of lead and silver continued regularly each year from 1910 to 1923. Like all ghost towns it is an interesting place to visit and equally interesting is the route leading to it which passes through several communities abounding with historical significance.

The stretch of highway from Reno to Leadville goes through Sparks, follows the Big Bend in the Truckee River at Wadsworth, is contiguous to Pyramid Lake, and continues north past now dry Winnemucca Lake. Sparks, three miles from Reno on U.S. 40 (Interstate 80), got its start when the Southern Pacific Railroad constructed a new installation and moved its round house and about 150 dwellings from Wadsworth. Although considered by many as a suburb of Reno and often called East Reno, it now has a population of approximately 10,000. It started out with about 1000 residents, mostly former Wadsworthites and by 1905 was the railroad terminal for northern Nevada.

From Sparks it is a smooth, scenic 25-mile drive through rugged Truckee River Canyon over a high-speed, four-lane freeway which by-passes Wadsworth. To pioneers of a century ago this portion of their long journey to the California gold

fields was an arduous one. The road was so narrow and canyon walls so steep that cumbersome wagon trains had to travel in the bed of the stream for many miles. The river was so crooked they had to cross it as often as ten times in the course of a mile. The present highway was realigned and improved throughout the canyon although most of it still follows the Central Pacific right-of-way.

Known to weary emigrants as early as 1844 was Big Bend where the Truckee River turns before winding crookedly through this canyon. After crossing the Forty-mile Desert upon leaving the Humboldt River they were grateful when they reached the Truckee. Most of them camped at Lower Crossing, now Wadsworth, where there was a refreshing supply of grass for their cattle, cool water to drink, and an abundance of fish to eat. Reportedly the Townsend-Stevens-Murphy Party encountered the well-known Paiute guide, Capt. Truckee, at this place and named the river for him. Capt. John Fremont also camped in the area before continuing south to complete his expedition. Before the coming of the whites, Wadsworth was a seasonal village site for the Paiutes. The most disastrous conflict of whites and Indians in Nevada occurred in the vicinity of Big Bend during the Pyramid Lake Massacre of May 1860.

About 1854, William Gregory set up a trading post here known as Drytown which was a division point for teamsters. Later, when a railroad and supply depot

was created by the Central Pacific, Wadsworth came into being and Drytown faded out. One might say Wadsworth started out with a bang for the tough little burg was only three months old when a bartender, Charles W. Humphries killed one W. Merritt. No trial was held because the victim had cussed his slayer prior to the shooting and in those days that was considered justifiable homicide.

The bustling town was considered one of the prettiest in Nevada, and as it was the maintenance point on the Central Pacific Railroad division between Salt Lake City and Sacramento, many people expected it would become the largest in western Nevada. The Southern Pacific Railroad later absorbed the Central Pacific, but Wadsworth continued to be a very prosperous community from 1890 to 1903. As mechanical progress shortened runs across the once perilous desert need for a base town was less urgent. Consequently the railroad decided to close the station and move the shops to Sparks.

Sleepy little Wadsworth received its second setback when the freeway bypassed the town, but the final blow came last fall when the Southern Pacific was granted their request made to the Public Service Commission to abandon a small rarely-used spur which was Wadsworth's only connection to the railroad system.

From Wadsworth the road continues for approximately 16 miles to the Pyra-

mid Lake Indian Agency at Nixon. A few hundred Paiutes living on the reservation hold their tribal council meetings here, and there is a trading post, post office, school, and community recreation center. For the most part Nixon consists of shacks. Recently, however, several attractive houses have been constructed.

As early as 1860 prospectors probing mountain ledges a few miles west of the south end of Pyramid Lake thought they had found another bonanza when they discovered traces of gold and silver resembling Comstock ore. Five town sites sprung up including Pyramid City, Cold Springs and Jonesville. For the most part, though, mineralized rock uncovered at all these sites proved of little value and the entire district died. Pyramid Lake today is noted for its good fishing, primarily cui-ui and cutthroat trout, and as a recreation area.

Winnemucca Lake, the south-west portion of which is included in the reservation, could be called Pyramid's twin. Actually both lakes are remnants of ancient Lake Lahontan, which once submerged the entire area. Until 1934 Winnemucca contained an abundant supply of fish, and geese and ducks lived in tule marshes along its shoreline.

The paved highway paralleling this dry lake bed traverses low hills, and sage-alkali-covered flatland meets the eye for many miles. In the surrounding area are many curious formations and perfectly shaped tufa mounds, some of which are called beehives. In the distance, and from both sides of the highway, spectacular mountains create a panorama of awesome scenery and desolate landscape. At the north end of the lake is Kumiva Peak, 9240 feet high; on the left Granite Peak rises 8990 feet out of precipitous Granite Mountains.

Numerous caves are located in both Pyramid and Winnemucca Lake areas. Field workers of the Nevada State Museum spent two months several years ago exploring high rocky buttes overlooking Winnemucca Lake where they excavated 10 different sites. Thousands of valuable artifacts were uncovered, as well as other evidence pointing to the habitation of man in the Lake area dating back approximately 10 to 20,000 years. Interesting and unusual petroglyphs, too, have been discovered in the Winnemucca Lake area.

Approximately 78 miles from Nixon, is the small community of Empire. This town is activated by the Pacific Portland Cement Company whose huge gypsum quarry and plant is the largest of its kind in the West. From 15 to 20 carloads of gypsum are shipped out each day and it is estimated their large deposit contains enough gypsum to last for at least 50 more years.

Six miles farther down the highway is the companion of Gerlach, with a population of about 400. This is a division point on the Western Pacific Railroad. It also serves as a supply base for mines, and a few cattle ranches scattered in the area. One mile north of town is Great Boiling Springs. The waters are comfortable for swimming all year around. Fremont camped here in 1843, as did many emigrants who followed the established route across awesome Black Rock Desert to California.

Traveling approximately 18 miles in the opposite direction from the Springs over a fairly good dirt road which skirts the edges of the Desert, one finds to the right about a mile off the road at the Fly Ranch, a multi-colored geyser. This is a geological oddity standing majestically in swampland. It is not a true geyser, although hot water spouts out day and night without a let-up. It started out in 1916 as a drilled artesian well. Throughout the years a large perpetual column of beautifully-colored substance formed by a flow of heavily mineralized water has slowly built up. Now over 20 feet high and still growing, it presents a most

unusual sight. At the base of the geyser small holes and apertures constantly burp and spit up little bubbles of hot water.

Leaving this wonder, one continues down the same dirt road until reaching Fireball Junction. A left turn here leads up a narrow, winding road to Leadville. Numerous mine dumps adorn steep hill-sides overlooking the Black Rock Desert. About six cabins and the ruins of a mill dot the terrain. Lead and silver ore was found at the Tohoqua mine in quartz veins. Minor deposits of zinc and gold were also found, as well as niter in crevices of rhyolite uncovered on the western side of the range.

In 1920 the Leading Mining Company took possession of the area. Production under this concern was \$153,000 in 1921, and about \$254,600 in 1922. The property consisted of three main claims developed by two shafts, a 1700-foot tunnel, and a 500-foot winze equipped with two 75 and one 100-horse power and semi-Diesel engine, compressor, electric locomotive, auto trucks, 7500-foot water line, and 30,000 gallon tank. Also in operation was a 35-ton mill and flotation plant. All this was incorporated in 1920 with capital stock of \$1,500,000.

Like all mining activities, ore petered out, and production ceased. No one is living in Leadville at the present time, but some prospecting and leasing was done a few years ago. Prospectors and would-be miners never give up; there is always the possibility of finding a new vein leading to a rich bonanza. □



Big Bend of the Truckee River



Left Unbuckled

by David Hurtado and Sam Hicks



LEGENDS and superstitions still hang like a cloud over an old section of Mexico near the junction of the Maicoba and Yecora rivers, tributaries of the Río Yaqui which drains the Pacific slopes of Sonora and Chihuahua. Here in the rimrocks of these river canyons dwell the Pima Indians of the Sierra Madre. And each night after darkness falls, stories of treasure and murder are recounted around campfires that pinpoint those caves permanently occupied by the Pimas.

Fears and tragedies that have befallen the Pimas since the coming of the Spaniards are revived, and somber visions of legendary ancestors of great strength and wisdom, of years of tribal feasts and famine, live again in the minds of these rugged, simple people.

The Pimas have always dwelled in caves and few members of their tribe have ever known the comforts of another kind of shelter. Outside of a few blackened pots and pans turned upside down on the rocks that ring their campfires, a modern Pima's cave looks exactly like the one that housed his great-grandparents a hundred years ago. A few palm mats, some blankets and a metate supplement the smoky utensils near the fire; and these are all the furnishings ever found in a Pima cave, re-

gardless of whether it houses a family of four or fourteen.

On cold winter nights a blazing fire lights and warms each cave and the Pimas gather in groups to recall the happenings of days gone by.

It is then, as firelight dims and huddled figures move closer to the glowing coals for warmth, they tell and retell age-old stories in their native tongue.

One famous Pima story of more recent vintage, however, is a distinct departure from their serious time-worn legends, and it causes great peals of laughter to burst forth from first one cave and then another. This is basically a true account of one of their own, a slightly built, fleet-footed tribesman called "Chico Coyote."

All Pima men are hunters. The women daily weave palm baskets and sombreros which they sell to stores in the little mountain villages. These people plant no crops and they rarely own any livestock other than the burros they use for the purpose of packing mountainous loads of palm fronds into their isolated dwellings.

Near the apex of this particular point of Mexican geography, formed by the junction of the rivers, a series of cattle ranches that can trace their origin back to antiquity stretch along the east bank of the Yecora River. These ranches of San Jose, Orocones, Cebadillas, Valle-

ritos and Mestenas are connected by one of Mexico's oldest mule trails. This is the ancient avenue which runs from the once wealthy Sahauripa mining district south to Alamos, silver center and one-time capital of Mexico's Northwest Territories.

Adjacent to the deeply worn mule trail at Rancho Cebadillas a mound of rocks ornamented with three wooden crosses looms large in memory of three men who were murdered there by bandits. These men were in charge of a mule train packing a record shipment of silver bars and other supplies from the Dolores Mine near Sahauripa to Alamos, normally about a six day trip. After killing the packers, the bandits made off with the entire mule train and cargo.

The highjackers were never caught and no part of the silver treasure they looted was ever recovered. It was assumed by many that the bandits quickly drove the pack mules into a steep canyon only a few miles from Rancho Cebadillas, cached at least a large part of the silver, then killed the mules to avoid future detection.

Local ranchers, many years later, reported finding bits and pieces of pack equipment in the same steep canyon which was generally conceded too treacherous a place to ever take any kind of animals—let alone heavily laden pack mules. And, as in the case of all lost

treasure stories, time and conjecture have since added to the mystery of the Silver of Cebadillas.

In order to feed their families when wild turkey and deer were scarce, hungry Pimas in the past frequently resorted to butchering cattle that belonged to local ranchers. Chico Coyote was definitely one such Pima, and he was admired by his friends and relatives for his unfailing ability to select only the finest beef animals to slaughter. Chico Coyote was an outstanding hunter and tracker, and he differed from his tribesmen in many ways. He never wore pants — only a breech-clout, had shoulder-length hair, a long ragged shirt and a strong leather belt cinched about his waist through which his sheathed machete was thrust. In warm weather Chico Coyote always slept in a forked tree. Before drifting off in dreams he would buckle the belt around an appropriate arm of the tree, so he wouldn't fall in case he tossed or turned in his sleep.

Whenever Chico Coyote butchered a cow, which was altogether too frequently if the other hunting was bad, he would lasso her with a piece of crude rope he'd freshly made from palm fiber, haze her into an inconspicuous place and



then cut her throat. He would deftly remove the choicest cuts, sling them on his back and deliver the steaming meat to the caves of his family and friends.

Chico Coyote's method of killing beef became a trademark in the mountains between the Maicoba and Yecora Rivers, and was occurring with a devastating degree of regularity. The ranchers of this area customarily shot Pimas who were caught killing cattle, but Chico Coyote was so elusive they finally complained of their losses to Juan Nievas, Chief of the Judicial Police of Sahauripa.

After a long surveillance, during which time Juan Nievas lived, thought and acted like a Pima, he finally caught Chico

Coyote in the act of butchering a fat cow. He promptly arrested him, took him to Sahauripa and threw him in jail, where plans were made to keep Chico Coyote out of circulation for a long, long time.

In the Sahauripa jail Chico Coyote was fitted out with a new long shirt and a pair of clean white trousers, equally long. He was allowed to keep the precious belt—minus his machete, of course—and he dutifully threaded it through the loops of his out-sized pants and cinched it tightly about his slender waist.

Chico Coyote was not happy in the Sahauripa jail. He was given to absolute silence and refused to fraternize with the other prisoners. Neither did the food appeal to him and he only picked, bird-like, at his daily ration, then left his plate for the other inmates to clean up. On the rare occasions when he caught a glimpse of the outside world he gazed longingly at the majestic Sierra Madre to the South.

Whenever it was possible for him to do so, Chico Coyote spent long periods of time staring at the jail guards. He would scrutinize their facial features and carefully study their mannerisms. If two guards appeared before him, side by side, Chico Coyote's eyes flew from one face to the other, then back again like the flashing lights of a computer making a scientific comparison.

After weeks of silence and careful observation, finally, one day at the Sahauripa jail, Chico Coyote spoke. Using good Spanish, much to the amazement of those around him, he warmly addressed jail guard, Guadalupe Raimerez.

Ramirez, obviously flattered by Chico Coyote's friendly overture toward him, responded and the two visited briefly. On the following day Chico Coyote again spoke in friendly tones to Guadalupe Ramirez.

Eventually, when conditions in the jail met Chico Coyote's approval, he visited at great length with Guadalupe Ramirez. He told Guadalupe that he knew where the silver treasure of Cebadillas was hidden. If Guadalupe could somehow arrange for Chico Coyote's release he would, in return for Guadalupe's kindly action, guide him to the precipitous canyon where the treasure was always assumed to be hidden, and there show him a cave. In that cave, he would show Guadalupe Ramirez several wooden

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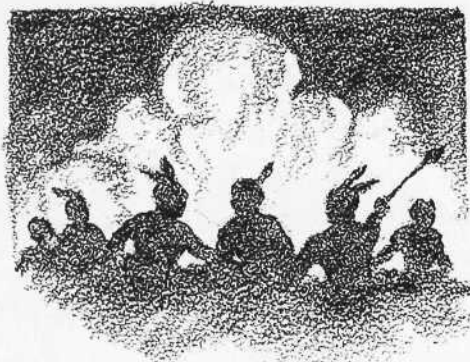
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pack boxes of the type originally used to crate two square five gallon cans. Each of these wooden pack boxes was stuffed with silver bars standing on end. Lying across the boxes of silver were two .44 caliber rifles, with quantities of ammunition for them spilling forth from rotting cardboard boxes. Also there were the musty remains of many aparejos and riatas, but through the years the rats had wreaked havoc upon the tallow-lubricated and sweat-salted pack equipment, and Chico Coyote doubted that it would ever serve any useful purpose again.

The men parted company in the jail, but Chico Coyote did not have long to wait. In the dead of night Guadalupe rattled a giant key in the door of Chico Coyote's cell.



Guadalupe Ramirez explained to the other prisoners that the jail authorities had effected Chico Coyote's release because of time served and his excellent behavior. The prisoners accepted the explanation in silence and shook their heads knowingly as Chico Coyote was led into the darkness of the long corridor. Outside the jail Guadalupe's horse, saddled and equipped for the trail, pawed the ground nervously.

Without attending to further legal formalities at the jail in connection with Chico Coyote's release, the two men trotted briskly out of Sahauripa. Guadalupe was comfortably astride his horse, while Chico Coyote jogged lightly along on foot just ahead of the horse. The noose of Guadalupe's rawhide riata was pulled snug against the neck of Chico Coyote, to remind him of the bond of friendship and understanding that existed between the two men. And, as if an occasional sharp tug on the riata were not sufficient to impress on Chico Coyote just who was in command, Guadalupe would catch Chico Coyote's eye from time to time,

then caress the handle of his six-shooter or pat the stock of his booted rifle.

Daylight came and Guadalupe brought forth tortillas and machaca from his saddle pockets. Chico Coyote ate his share with gusto and, out of enthusiasm over his release from jail, was the epitome of appreciation and friendship. He assured Guadalupe that the rawhide noose around his neck was no longer necessary.

During the following two days the men visited volubly as they traveled deep into the Sierra Madre. Chico Coyote was a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge and he fairly bubbled with enthusiasm as he explained to Guadalupe about the kindness of the Mother Mountains and of the use of each medicinal or edible plant they encountered on the trail. Chico Coyote would point out deer and wild turkey tracks, where they were barely discernible even to the trained eye, and explain what they were doing, where they were going and why. It seemed to Guadalupe that there was nothing concerning the mountains, the plant life, or the wild life, that Chico Coyote didn't know. He knew without the slightest hesitation where the best feed and water could be found; he had an intelligent answer for every question Guadalupe asked and a logical explanation for every point of interest that he discussed.

But Guadalupe was still suspicious and when they made their first overnight camp he tied Chico Coyote securely to a tree.

By the end of the second day the men had arrived at the head of the canyon where legend maintained the silver treasure was hidden. Chico Coyote had already described to Guadalupe how the country lay; and he explained that on the following morning they would have to leave the horse on the crest of the ridge and descend on foot to the cave. In the meantime, they would make their camp.

Chico Coyote rustled firewood, unsaddled the horse and spread Guadalupe's blankets with care. Guadalupe busied himself with the task of rationing out tortillas and machaca. The fire was started, and Chico Coyote was never more relaxed. In the light of the dancing flames the men ate their rations as Chico Coyote described in detail the pleasures of life in a Pima cave. Ah, those fun-loving, pretty little muchachas!

Chico Coyote stopped talking abruptly, stood up and unbuckled the strong belt which supported his over-sized jail pants. If the Senor would excuse him he would step out of the circle of firelight for just one moment. He would be right back.

Guadalupe drowsily nodded his assent, his mind still envisioning the fun-loving little muchachas, the comfortable caves and the pleasant, clean aroma of woven palm mats.

Chico Coyote slipped into the shadow of the nearest tree, ran silently to the edge of the canyon and leaped gleefully into the darkness and freedom.

Now, on cold winter evenings when stillness creeps into the great canyons of the Sierra Madre of Mexico and campfires pinpoint the Pima Caves, the hush of night is regularly broken by shrieks of laughter. The happy echoes reverberate from canyon walls to valley floor, then back up to the highest ridges, as the story of Chico Coyote's escape spreads from cave to cave.

Then, after firelight and laughter have died, the Pimas' thoughts turn again to the Silver Treasure of Cebadillas and there is always speculation as to where the riches were actually hidden, and why they have never been found. Many Pimas believe Chico Coyote was telling the truth when he described the cave, the silver bars standing on end in



the packboxes, the .44 caliber rifles and ammunition which were known to have belonged to the murdered muleteers.

It is generally conceded by them that Chico Coyote never attempted to personally recover the treasure because of his strong dislike for things of monetary value. He claimed the Creator had endowed him with intelligence, with great agility and endurance, then placed him in the Mother Mountains where he had always been provided for by nature. According to his philosophy, no man should ask for more. □

A MATCHLESS FIRE

Photos and text by Richard Weymouth Brooks



HE "Solar Cigarette Lighter" is a small 3x4 inch parabolic reflector with a pronged metal finger fastened in the center. The

"Cigarette" is placed between the prongs and the entire unit pointed at the sun. Smoldering starts almost immediately.

I discovered this interesting little item while browsing in my local Scientific Supplies store. My curiosity aroused, I wondered how this gadget could be useful to me, a non-smoker. It occurred to mind that it might make a good fire starter for my desert kit.

As it turned out, it works well and is as dependable as a sunny day. When choosing wood for the ignitor, the darker the color the more rapidly it will smolder to a hot coal. A punky or semi-rotten wood works the best, as this material maintains its "coal" once it is started.

A little dry grass, yucca fiber or minute branches "fuzzed" out to make the tinder, or a small tepee of tiny twigs, is built to house this tinder. When the coal is formed by the reflector, it is blown upon to get it to its maximum heat, then placed in the nest of tinder. Then blow on the two together *gently*. If you are lucky, it will smoke and burst into flames in about 30 seconds to a minute. Add more sticks to your already prepared twig tepee and you are in business.

It took me one hour to prepare and start the fire and cook bread twists by this method during the last week of October between 4 and 5 p.m. with the sun weakened by haze.

One advantage this reflector has over a burning glass is that it does not have to be held. You are free to do other things—preparation of tinder twigs, etc. An additional "punk" can be igniting while you are getting the fire going, should it prove to be stubborn.

Desert skies are mostly sunny, which makes this "igniting reflector" fairly dependable. It is an ideal item for a survival kit. □



Springtime . . .

Visit to Indian Flats

by Allen Penton



HE average person thinks of the desert in terms of the great basin areas such as the Mojave. These areas are beautiful in spring, but they provide only a part of the springtime wonders to be found in the great southern California desert regions. Many such experiences, and often very different than in the low desert areas, are to be found in the less arid high desert. A favorite spot of mine, particularly in the spring, is Indian Flats in California's San Diego County.

Indian Flats is in a small and little-known portion of the Cleveland National Forest that borders the Anza-Borrego State Park on its northwest corner. The area is at the end of the Lost Valley Truck Trail, approximately fourteen miles north of State Highway 79 and Warner Springs. The road is graded and, depending on the amount of rainfall since the last reconditioning, is either passable to conventional automobiles or to off-the-road vehicles only. From State Highway 79, the road goes steadily upward and through very rough, rocky and sparsely vegetated country.

It is no wonder then at the surprise encountered when rounding a huge house-high boulder and entering Indian Flats. The area is a level fertile meadow dotted with oak trees. In the spring, it is lushly green with a stream of clear, cold water. In the meadow is a perfect example of how improved campsites can be blended into natural settings without too severely detracting from their beauty. The twelve campsites are widely separated among the trees, with only one or two others visible from any one.

Indian Flats is flanked on the east and north by ancient, boulder-strewn hills. On the west is an excellent view of Palomar Mountain in the distance. From

any slight vantage point, the fertile valley below and Lake Henshaw can be seen in the distance to the southwest.

The wooded meadow continues north along the stream for one-quarter of a mile beyond the campground before terminating abruptly at a rocky ridge. In the spring this field is ablaze with Goldfield blossoms, blended with undertones of minute white and lavender flowers. The elevation is approximately 3600 feet so the flowers do not appear until about one month later than in low desert areas. Here you find typical desert flowers but in a setting of a wooded mountain meadow, complete with stream. On all sides, though, is a very rugged countryside, more typical of what would be expected in high desert.

On the opposite end of the meadow from the campground the stream flows from a cleft in the rocks and over a small waterfall. The pattern of erosion

on the rock cliffs indicates the forcefulness of water flow that sometimes must occur. Once on a visit after a general spring rain, we observed the violence of the otherwise gentle waterfall. The water was spurting from the cleft in the rocks, as if from a nozzle, into the then swiftly running, three foot deep stream below. A hike above the small waterfall is a difficult but interesting adventure. The stream courses through a maze of boulders and rock formations and down numerous small waterfalls into occasional small pools. From the many small springs along the stream it is probable that there is at least some water in the stream year round.

At several spots upstream from the first small waterfall there are sedimentary deposits of rock where beautiful specimens of rose and smoky quartz and even some small pieces of crystal clear quartz can be found. As the crow flies,



ous gem mines which reportedly have yielded excellent specimens of garnet. A thorough search further up the stream toward the Anza-Borrego Park Boundary could result in the finding of some gem quality mineral finds. The fact that there are no gem locations noted in the gem collectors handbooks for this particular area could be because of its remoteness and the limited accessibility of the terrain. This, and the total absence of roads in the six to eight miles from Indian Flats to the Anza-Borrego Park boundary and probably at least that distance beyond, results in very few visitors to the area.

The setting at Indian Flats, with its abundance of water, game and shelter among the trees and its remoteness from any similar area, causes one to consider that its name is truly derived from its previous inhabitants. We plan someday to return with the express purpose of searching far out from the campground for Indian artifacts or petroglyphs among the many rock formations and small caves to be found in the surrounding hills.

For the gem hunters, the trip to or from Indian Flats can be even more interesting by a stop in an area along the roadside from about one-quarter to one-half of the way in from State Highway 79. In this area we found many excellent specimens of black and dark green tourmaline very near the road. The crystals that we extracted from the rocks ranged from one-eighth of an inch to one inch in thickness. It is not too difficult, with a little care in pecking away at the rocks, to extract some nice specimens of the preferred terminated tourmaline gems.

Indian Flats is particularly beautiful in the spring and is an excellent example of the gentleness of many high desert areas. The enjoyment is magnified by the fact that its remoteness prevents overcrowding despite the presence of one of those modern day miracles, an improved public campground. If you do go to Indian Flats, plan to stay there overnight. On a clear day, the late afternoon sun causes the rocky peak to the east of the campground to become radiant with hues of gold and pink. It, in itself, is an experience well worth the trip. □



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A TIP FOR A TRIP

by Jack Delaney



WHAT does a barber do on his day off?" I tried this question on Vince, while he was mowing my hair and running the edger around my ears. His enthused reply was, "We enjoy taking one-day trips—there are so many interesting jaunts available within a short distance of our desert."

"Name one," I suggested, fully expecting him to name twenty. To my surprise, he limited his recommendation to just one, which is quite an achievement for a barber! His idea was that a loop trip through San Timoteo Canyon provides an interesting couple of hours as an enjoyable relief from the heat of the desert. We conducted a dry run on his pet trip and are in accord with his recommendation.

Should you feel the need for a respite from the toasty summer temperature of the Southeastern California desert regions, just drive west on Interstate 10 Freeway to the San Timoteo Canyon Road off-ramp, beyond Beaumont, cross the Freeway on the overpass and continue straight ahead. A sign at the begin-

ning reads, "Desert Lawn Drive," but this road will lead you through San Timoteo Canyon.

After the first couple of miles the road enters the canyon where you'll enjoy the quiet countryside, picturesque farm houses, pastoral scenes with horses and cattle on the green hillsides; and, after crossing the San Bernardino County line, miles of citrus orchards. It would be a good idea to take your lunch and stop in a particularly scenic spot and have a picnic. The canyon offers many ideal locations for this popular pastime.

One such place is called Fisherman's Retreat. It consists of five man-made lakes, stocked with rainbow trout, bass, bluegill, and catfish. No license is required for fishing here. Around the lakes are picnic facilities, lawns, spaces for camping, trailers and campers, and apartments and cabins to rent. The whole setting is loaded with shade trees and features a quiet, close-to-nature atmosphere. Also, for those who enjoy horse-play, this recreation center has a stable of horses, that may be rented by the day.

Less than half a mile away, along the same road, is another rest stop, similar

Above: El Casco Resort, one of several Recreational sites having man-made lakes stocked with trout. Below: the single room San Timoteo school is more than 100 years old and today is a Sunday school.



to Fishermen's Retreat, but on a smaller scale. El Casco Resort consists of two man-made lakes that are stocked with fish, plus picnic facilities, cabins for rent, trailer and camper spaces, and plenty of shade trees. This resort has been in existence for about 60 years. A number of improvements are scheduled for the near future, such as the addition of two more lakes, and expansion of the camping area.

Between these two recreation spots you'll see a quaint small structure that is a hundred years old. This is the old San Timoteo School. As a one-room institution of A-B-Cs, it served the area for many years. The building is still in good condition and is being used presently as a Sunday school. You'll want to shoot a picture or two of this gem of yesteryear.

While you are in a nostalgic mood, continue your drive along San Timoteo Canyon Road until it ends at Barton Road, which crosses it at right angles. Turn right on Barton Road and proceed about two blocks, and you'll see a California historical landmark that dates back much further than the ancient schoolhouse. This is the old San Bernardino Asistencia which served, originally, as a branch of the San Gabriel Mission. It is located on what was known as the San Bernardino Rancho of Mission San Gabriel, established in the year 1819.

As was the case with other California Missions, San Bernardino Asistencia lived through a turbulent past. Originally, it was constructed by Franciscan Fathers around 1830. In 1834, Indians attacked this outpost and stole the ornaments and sacred vessels of the chapel. Later, they returned and killed 14 of the Christian Indians and carried off many others as prisoners. In 1842, the property was granted by the Mexican government to Diego Sepulveda of Los Angeles, as part of Rancho de San Bernardino. In 1851, the entire rancho was sold to the Mormons, who had come from Salt Lake to form a colony in the valley.

After several other changes of ownership, the buildings of the Asistencia fell to ruin. The people of San Bernardino County purchased the land and fully restored this important memento of the past. Here, you'll see two museum buildings, a chapel where frequent weddings



are held, an administration building, beautiful grounds and several inspiring bells, one of which was brought here from Spain. The museums offer many dioramas depicting the pioneer period of our history and items pertaining to the Indian, mission, and rancho eras of early California. This attraction is open to the public daily (except Mondays) and there is no charge.

Backtracking on Barton Road will take you to Loma Linda via the back door. You'll pass the beautiful new hospital and the Loma Linda University. Drive through town to Interstate 10 Freeway, enter in the direction of Redlands, and drive to your starting point, the San Timoteo Canyon Road off-ramp. This will complete the loop trip. The total distance is only 38 miles; but by driving at a leisurely pace and enjoying frequent stops, you can extend this pleasant interlude into the paved road back country for several hours.

So I suggest the next time you have your hair cut, after discussing the weather and the Dodgers with your barber, ask him for a tip—a tip for a trip. □

The San Bernardino Asistencia was originally a branch of the San Gabriel Mission dating back to 1819.

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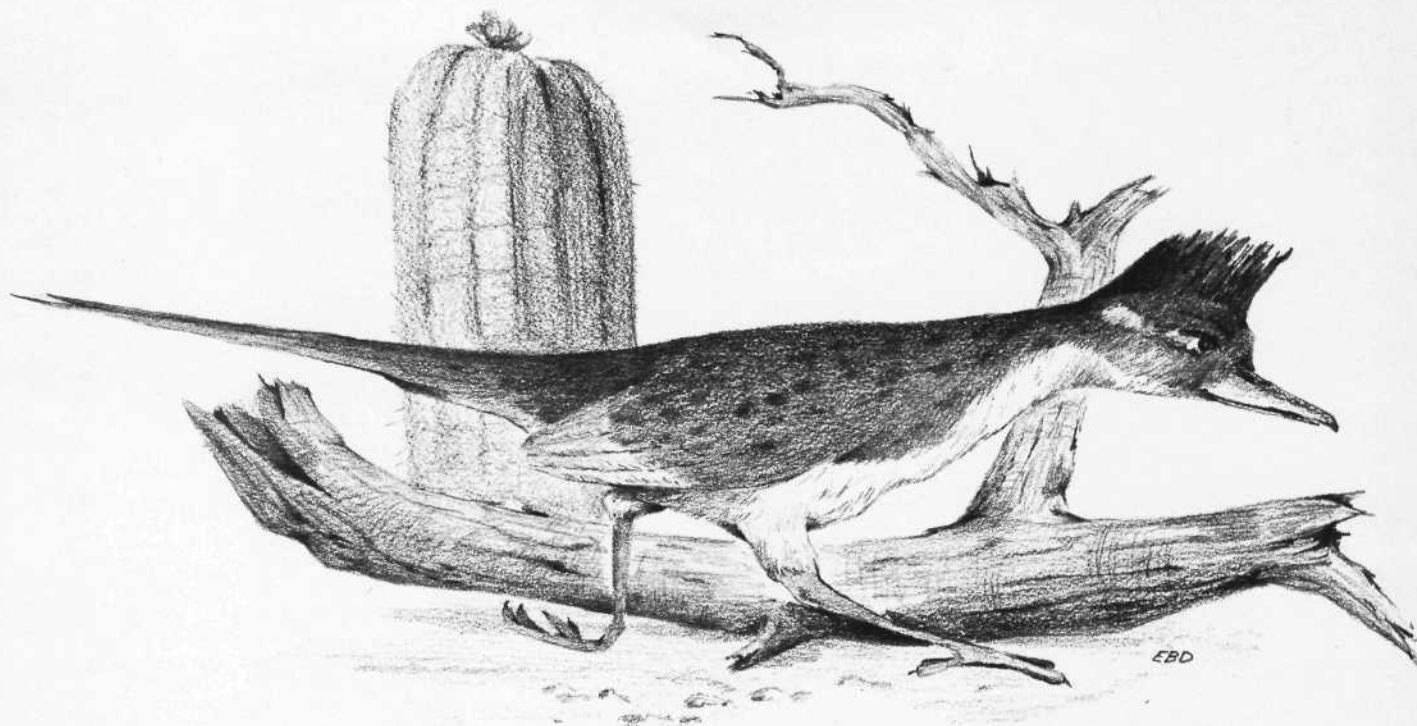


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He's the Quazziest People!

by Isabel Dunwoody



HERE'S no question but that the Roadrunner is the desert's whackiest bird. He doesn't look like a bird. He doesn't live on seeds, worms, plain everyday insects, although he will stoop to it if his gourmet taste can't be satisfied. He can fly, but he prefers to be a pedestrian, and he doesn't follow the flock. He does make the most of the tricks Nature played on him and he makes slaves of all humans he adopts.

The Indians knew him first. They scratched facsimiles of his crazy tracks by graves of their departed to confuse evil spirits. Born with four toes on each foot, two pointing forward, two backward, "X" literally marks the spot. Some Indians trimmed cradle-boards with his feathers to ward off evil spirits from their newborn.

This most contrary bird has wings, but does he spend time in the sky like

his bird brothers? Not him. The only time he flies is when flushed from his nest or frightened. Bailey's Birds of New Mexico reports, "The roadrunner gave the most perfect example of volplaning when it took off from a 50-foot high cliff and glided down a canyon an eighth of a mile, never flapping a wing, not even when it alighted on a rock."

He has a better use for his tail than his wings, as it acts as his brake, evident from the cloud of sand that results from his sudden stops. His tail also depicts his moods. If he is undecided, it slowly pumps up and down; if nervous, it opens and shuts and when he is on the run, it streams straight out behind him.

Mother Nature, in a spirit of fun, chose a mixed-up halloween dress for the comical roadrunner. She painted blue and orange circles, clownlike, around the bare spots of his inquisitive eyes, then, in a surprise switch, added a Pinnocchio

beak that seemed to grow and grow until it reached two inches. For plumage, she gave him a speckled Jacob's coat of many colors — metallic green, purple, black, white and brown. Intuition ordained this whacky bird would rule all the land he surveyed, so she sat a jaunty, bristle-tipped crown squarely atop his arrogant head. In justification for his outlandish features, she gave him superb eyesight to spot a skittering lizard and a strong bill to tenderize it for swallowing whole. His mixed-up plumage melts instantly into his desert surroundings to discourage lurking predators. As a special bonus, *El Paisano* was gifted with a delightful zest for living and zany characteristics to make him the exciting bird he is.

When you first become acquainted with the cocky little fellow, he might be making a mad dash across desert ridges, swerving around a flowering cactus, or contentedly sitting in the

shade of a mesquite bush. Racing down a desert road in hot pursuit used to be a favorite pastime, a trait which gave him his name, but with today's highways and fast cars, he doesn't try it so often anymore. Clocked at 18 miles per hour, he will chase anything that moves. Aggressive and fearless, he uses anyplace on the desert as a "drag-strip." When he isn't darting about, like his human neighbors, he loves to bask in the sun, spreading his feathers to catch every last relaxing ray.

While *El Paisano* is generally a "loner," he is not a perennial bachelor. In the spring his fancy turns to thoughts of a lady fair. Around and around he turns, in wild zigzag circles, until he convinces a nonchalant mate of his fidelity. Although his song is loud and coarse, it is the lilt of a lark to his chosen lady roadrunner. Their home might be a low yucca, a crumbling adobe wall, or even an old packing crate. In a strange sort of birdland birth control method, the nest might contain an unhatched egg, a baby and a fledging all at the same time.

In the roadrunner's feathered breast lies a fierce parental protectiveness. If his babies are threatened, like the possum, he covers this anxiety with pretence, agonizing with a suddenly broken leg, his crest alone telegraphing his emo-

tion. Only after the enemy has departed is his leg good as new. All other members of the bird-kindgom flutter a broken wing.

In spite of his unconventional behavior, when it comes to brains, you can't sell this comical bird short. Systematic, he has been known to pass certain points at definite times. He may dislike the hampering of communal life, but once having chosen his preferred mesquite or saltbush thicket, he settles down to remain year after year, his ranges from California to Southern Utah, Colorado, Kansas, mid-Texas and lower Gulf Coast South through Lower California and into Mexico.

Since almost everything about this roadrunner is surprising, it figures that his gourmet tastes would be somewhat strange too. Delectable tidbits for him are crickets which he unearths by cleverly overturning stones and mudcakes; small horn toads, mice, cactus fruits, grasshoppers, spiders, snails that he cracks open on a rock, and oh yes, occasionally rattlesnakes. Everything goes down whole after he has hammered them with his unique bill. And his etiquette doesn't come from a book—if swallowing a lizard means some if it must trail from his overloaded beak.

When the smell of spring is in the

desert, it is time for a favorite snack. Honey bees gathering nectar from lupine and primroses disappear like caviar at a cocktail party. However, the desert's ready pantry is willingly by-passed for a piece of raw hamburger begged from his human neighbors.

In Thousand Palms, California, an enterprising roadrunner begs from door to door, using at least three aliases. At the Edgar Marrotte's home, he is Pete. Pete shows up regularly for his handout. Once a little too anxious, he decided on a cheese hors d'oeuvre. Unfortunately the cheese was in a rat trap and Pete still wears a twisted beak from his sad experience. A short distance from the Marotte's, he is known as Joe, and still further along, he does his trick-or-treating as Oscar, just three more names added to his long repertory. He and his fellow roadrunners are also known as the Chaparral Cock, Ground Cuckoo, *El Paisano*, as Mexicans affectionately call him, meaning Countryman, and the high-toned listing the Encyclopedia gives him, "*Geocyx Californianus*." Mostly he is simply called "The Roadrunner."

No matter what his name, the zany roadrunner is always popular. Roadrunner, Arizona is named for him. He is the state bird of New Mexico, protected under Federal status. He has been sculptured, put on postal cards; and in Scotsdale, Arizona, there is a line of sportswear named for him.

He likes to be near human neighbors and can become a household pet. Mexicans consider *El Paisano* a good omen if he chooses to live close by. The Marotte's of Thousand Palms love to tell how he climbs up a ladder to sit on the roof, or dash by a hanging bell, pausing to ring it. With his over-abundant love of mischief and fun, however, he is apt to become a tormentor, especially of competitive pets such as dogs. He nips their paws. At the Desert Museum in Tucson, Arizona, they have to change roadrunner pets now and then because some get too playful and nip at children's bare toes. Mostly his breathless whistle or loud coo is warmly welcomed.

In every respect the roadrunner, *El Paisano*, Pete, Joe, Oscar or whatever you choose to call him, is a whim of nature from his comical looks to his whacky habits. To know this zany fellow, so full of the joy of living, is to love him. □



HOW DID THE MESAS AND
BUTTES OF THE WEST FORM?
WHAT CAUSES CANYONS?
JOURNEY WITH A GEOLOGIST
THROUGH SPECTACULAR
SOUTHEASTERN UTAH
AS HE EXPLAINS
THESE NATURAL WONDERS

WHAT MAKES ROCKS RED?



HAT makes the rocks red, green or blue?" Would you believe iron? That question is one of the most commonly-asked by travelers in the colorful Four Corners country. And, believe it or not, the answer is "iron." It would seem more logical if iron made the rocks red, copper made them green, and cobalt made them blue. But surprisingly enough, iron produces those colors, plus all gradations in between. The oxidized state of the iron produces the reds, and the reduced state of the iron produces the blues, greens, and grays. That is to say that the oxidized iron has a higher ratio of oxygen to iron than does the reduced iron.

The de Chelly sandstone buttes of Monument Valley and the great red walls around Moab are composed of tiny sand grains cemented together and stained with the oxidized iron or hematite. The Chinle (Painted Desert) and Brushy Basin (between Blanding and Bluff, Utah) claystones include many blue, green, and gray layers which are colored by the reduced iron oxides, such as Goethite (named in honor of the German poet!). Occasionally one might notice where a plant root has grown into red claystone and the root is surrounded by a few inches of light green clay. This light bleached zone results from the mild plant acids reducing the oxidized red clay coloring. This is just another step in the continuous process of chemical weathering and erosion.

"How did the monuments in Monument Valley get there?"

"Were they harder than the surrounding rock?"

"Did they just get pushed up?"

It's a long story and we need to appreciate there are a great many subtle factors at work, changing the face of the earth at an incredibly slow rate.

Inasmuch as most rock features were not named by geographers with precise

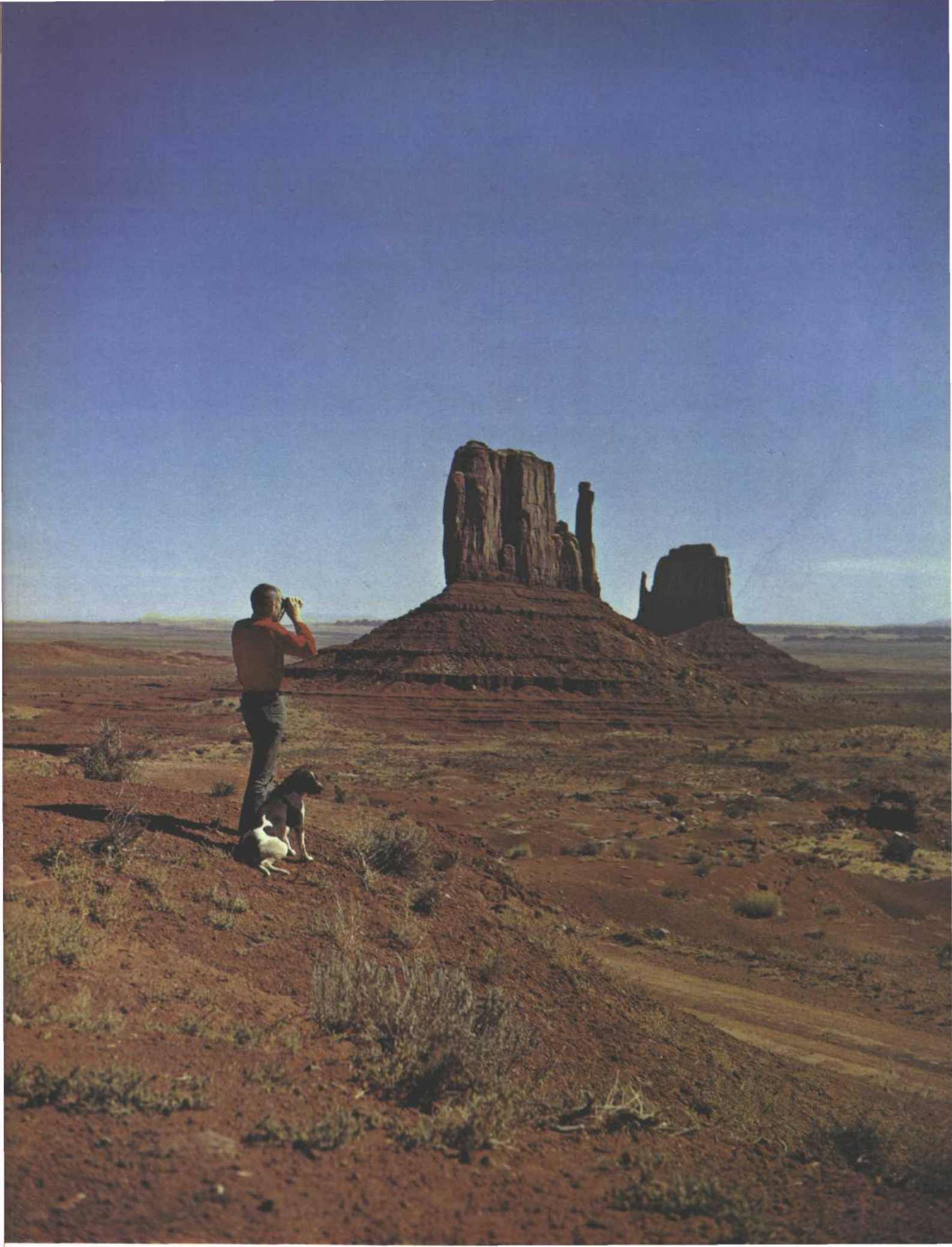
word definitions, some confusion has resulted as to the exact meanings of the terms: mesas, buttes, monuments, etc. "Mesa" was a descriptive term brought to the southwest by the Spaniards, who were referring to the flat-topped rock formations or "tablelands." In general, mesas are larger than buttes.

The typical monuments of Fisher Towers, near Moab, Utah, Monument Valley, and the Valley of the Gods consist of horizontal beds of massive, relatively hard sandstone overlying beds of relatively softer sandstone. The softer sandstones form the talus-covered slopes beneath the vertical walls of the sandstone.

Try to picture the entire region covered with these horizontal sedimentary layers. Then came the rivers with their attendant side canyons and smaller washes. These canyons steadily, but slowly, increase their length by eroding headward. This headward erosion proceeds logically by dissolving and washing away the claystone, removing the support of the massive overlying sandstone. This creates alcoves or arch-like caves. The cave or overhang enlarges until the roof collapses. Then the canyon has advanced the depth of the cave, and the process begins once more. A network of canyons gradually dissects the barren expanse of sandstone—which might be many miles across. The canyons widen out until they gradually become broad valleys. In this widening process sometimes the thin dividing walls separating the valleys crumble. When this happens, great masses of rock are left standing isolated—and the true mesas are born. So actually, mesas are left there. Of course, all the erosive forces continue changing the face of the earth so that it is never really finished. What we see is in reality just a couple of frames out of a very long motion picture. Earlier in the movie there were no monuments; now there are mesas, monuments or buttes; later in the picture these will be gone also.

If there is a well-developed joint sys-

by
Eugene
Foushee





Valley of the Gods in Southern Utah

tem in the massive sandstone, these vertical joints or planes of weakness can be important factors in influencing canyon or valley development, and particularly in the creation of spires or needles. The two sets of vertical joints at right angles to each other tend to leave high shafts of rock bounded by four flat faces with sharp corners. Obviously, the old erosive forces will not leave those corners sharp very long. They round them off by a process called spheroidal weathering, leaving, for example, the dramatic spires which are called The Needles in Canyonlands National Park. The fins and thin spires in the Arches National Monument are also dominantly shaped by two sets of vertical joints.

Usually canyons simply grow from washes that start channeling the rain water rather than from such dramatic forces as faults and joint systems. Subtle differences in hardness, cementing agents, porosity, permeability, and grain size will tend to influence the growth of canyons and hence the shaping of mesas.

Shiprock, Agathlan, Alhambra Rock, and Boundary Butte are special cases in the Four Corners country. They are hard igneous rocks which were intruded into softer sedimentary formations. With lots of time for erosion, the surrounding sedimentary rocks have been washed away leaving the black, ragged igneous cores rising above the landscape.

"How about those crazy Goosenecks?"

The Goosenecks of the San Juan are

classic examples of incised meanders. Originally that portion of the river had a low gradient, with slow-moving water. This resulted in the great meanders similar to those caused by sluggish coastal rivers. The water through the meander (or gooseneck) was speeded up, perhaps by regional uplift, resulting in rapid downcutting of the channel. The downcutting has continued until now the river's meanders are incised 1000 feet deep. To see what is the future fate of The Goosenecks, we can go thirteen miles west of Bluff and two and one-half miles south of Highway 47 on an unmarked trail to another gorgeous view of a gooseneck. But where is the river that is supposed to be down there cutting away on the channel? The San Juan has finally broken through the narrow wall that had separated two loops of the river; the gooseneck has been cut off; the channel left dry; and the seven hundred foot high cone-shaped mesa that was inside the loop now stands like a castle with a dry moat surrounding it. Fantastic! And the river flows on. □

The annual All Tribes Indian Day Ceremony will be held this year on June 15 at Bluff, Utah. One of the most spectacular events in the West, it includes horse races, Indian dancing, sand painting and many other contests, attracting visitors every year from throughout the United States.



What To Do During An Earthquake

(Just keep calm and don't get shook)

Since Southern California has had several minor earthquakes recently we think this information from the National Earthquake Information Center, U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey will be of interest. Like they say, what ever happens, don't get shook.

The likelihood of your being injured in a major earthquake in the United States is exceedingly small. About 1500 persons have died during earthquakes (or earthquake-generated tsunamis and fires) since this country was settled, and almost half of these were killed in the 1906 disaster in San Francisco, Calif.

But when a major earthquake does strike, the results can be severe, as witnessed by the 116 deaths in 1964 in Alaska, 28 in 1959 at Hebgen Lake, Montana, 115 in 1933 at Long Beach,

California, and 60 in 1886 at Charleston, South Carolina.

Other major earthquakes in the United States, which resulted in few if any fatalities due to sparseness of population, occurred in Missouri in 1811 and 1812 and at Yakutat Bay, Alaska, in 1899.

What do you do then when the earth shakes beneath your feet and your house begins to sway? Dive under a table, desk, doorway, or any covering that will protect you against a falling ceiling. DON'T rush into the street where you may be struck by falling cornices and chimneys and other flying objects.

If you are outside, try to get into an open doorway or into the middle of the street, if it is a wide one. But be careful if you head for the center of the street. Cars can be just as deadly as an earthquake.

The most disconcerting feature of a destructive earthquake is the repeated

occurrence of aftershocks, which normally follow all large shocks. However, it is very rare for an aftershock to reach the intensity of the main earthquake.

Last of all, do not reoccupy a seriously damaged building without the approval of local authorities. Just because the building withstood the main shock does not necessarily indicate it will also withstand strong aftershocks. □

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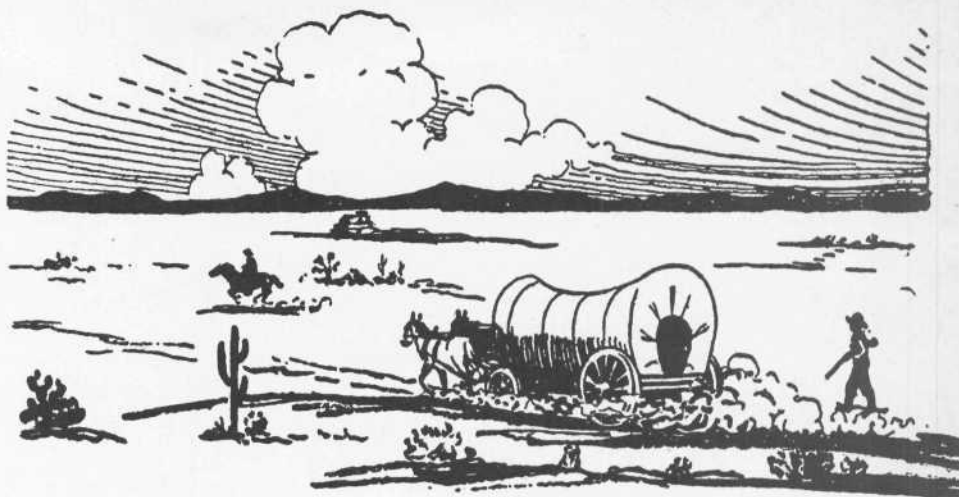
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SUNKEN GOLD OF CLEAR CREEK

by George A. Thompson



SHORT item which appeared on the back pages of a December, 1910, issue of the Redding Free Press provides a clue to where

today's treasure seeker might find his fortune. The article reported briefly that an old prospector named William Drestelhorst had found a ten dollar gold coin in his sluice box on Clear Creek, a small stream north of Redding, California and not far from the present day Whiskeytown Dam.

The story of Drestelhorst's find would probably have gone unnoticed if he hadn't used the coin to pay a long overdue feed bill owed to McCoy Fitzgerald for keeping his burros for him while he prospected Clear Creek. Fitzgerald's wife took the gold coin into town and showed it to a store owner. She remarked how surprised she and her husband had been to get it since they were certain Drestelhorst hadn't found any gold on Clear Creek, and they had thought he was too poor to pay the feed bill.

After taking a closer look at the coin the merchant offered to buy it, explaining that it was not a regular minted coin but a rare one made in a hand mold by an assayer. It had been common before mints were established in the west for assayers to make coins from the raw gold that miners sold them, certifying their value by putting their initials on them.

The coin found by Drestelhorst had the words "California Gold" around its rim, a term then used by many assayers in California and the Great Basin to designate a coin of pure gold. It also had the initials "SMV" inscribed on it. Even though it apparently had lain in the sand and gravel of Clear Creek for many years it was still bright and shiny and retained its luster.

Several months had passed from the time that Drestelhorst had found the coin and given it to Fitzgerald and he was no longer in the area, having moved on in search of more promising diggings. Several old-timers around Redding were greatly excited by Mrs. Fitzgerald's story of how the coin was found and were obviously disappointed when neither she nor her husband could tell them just where the coin had been found. It was only after months of trying to locate the old prospector had passed without success that they explained their interest.

The story the old-timers told was that during the early 1850s a wagon train of Mormons had passed through the Redding area on the way to a new colony in the fertile valley beyond. Their little wagon train had been making good time through an unsettled area not far from the tiny settlement of Horsetown when it was forced to stop at the banks of Clear Creek by a swirling, muddy, torrent of raging flood waters. The usually quiet creek was in flood stage and the

Mormons were forced to camp on its bank for several days while waiting for the waters to subside. After losing several days of valuable traveling time they became impatient and decided to chance a crossing. Most of the wagons got across the stream safely, but when the Bishop's wagon started across disaster struck.

The Bishop's wagon entered the swollen stream only a few feet downstream from where the others had crossed, but apparently the water was much deeper there, or one of the wheels fell into a hole. Without warning the wagon tipped on its side and was carried several hundred feet downstream before the struggling horses could stop it. By then most of its cargo had been spilled into the muddy water and washed away. According to the old-timers, among the items lost was a small wooden chest containing \$40,000 in newly made gold coins. The gold was to buy good farm land to insure the success of the new colony. The ten dollar coins, all bearing the inscription "California Gold" and the initials "SMV," were exactly like the one Drestelhorst had found in his sluice box sixty years later.

Although the Mormons camped at the creek side for nearly a week and searched along its banks for miles downstream, no trace of the missing chest was found. The water was too deep and muddy to allow a thorough search and

after several of the men had been injured by swiftly moving floating logs and debris the search was abandoned. Later, when the stream was only a quiet brook, some of the Mormon men returned. Though they searched both banks and even the bottom of all but the deepest holes, no trace of the missing chest or its golden treasure was found. The banks of the crossing where they had camped were washed away, hundreds of tons of sand and gravel having been washed downstream. With heavy hearts they returned to their new homes and the incident was forgotten by all except a few old-timers who had heard the story of the Mormon's fruitless search. During the following years a few who heard the story tried to find the lost treasure but by then the creek had changed so that no one was sure just where the old crossing had been and in time the story was forgotten. That is, until 1910 when the Redding Free Press reported Drestelhorst's find!

When the old-timer's story of the lost Mormon gold was told most of the men around Redding quickly became prospectors and daily they panned along Clear Creek in search of more of the lost coins, but none were successful. It soon became apparent that without the exact location of Drestelhorst's find the search was almost hopeless and by then all trace of the old prospector had been lost. No doubt the wooden chest had long since rotted away, allowing the coins to be carried along by the stream, and settling in the sand and mud along the creek bottom. By the time the "city prospectors" had their hands well blistered they lost interest in the search and Clear Creek returned to nature, with its only visitors being deer and mountain quail.

Over the years high waters and floods have probably carried the coins along for some distance, dropping them along quiet stretches of water or into deep holes. With the coins being hidden under the sand and gravel of the creek bottom the old-timers had little chance of finding the lost Mormon gold but with today's modern electronic treasure finders searchers have a cinch if they can locate the old Mormon crossing. The coins would now be worth many times their \$40,000 face value and to collectors even more. According to an old adage all that glitters isn't gold, but in Clear Creek it just might be! □

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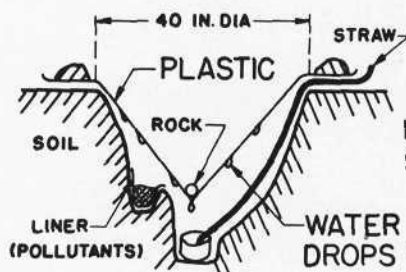
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It's Raining Rainbows

by Doug Allen

Flying over Lake Powell, a C-46 drops fingerling trout into the blue waters below. Lake Powell is one of America's finest fishing and recreational areas. Below, the "flying fish" are placed into special tanks preparatory to their flight.



LYING fish in Arizona? Right! Fishermen on Arizona's Lake Powell this year will be catching a piscatorial rarity: the "Arizona flying fish." Although they look like ordinary rainbow trout (which, indeed, they are) these fish are sophisticated travelers.


Born at the Willow Beach National Fish Hatchery, 11 miles below Hoover Dam on the Colorado River, and raised to three to five inches in length, they were trucked early one morning last October to the airport at Kingman. There they were transferred to large cylindrical tanks inside a glistening silver and blue C-46. Fifteen thousand bigger-than-fingerling trout shared 300 gallons of water in each of four separate tanks—a total of 60,000 fish per load.

The giant airborne aquarium covered the 200 air miles from Kingman to Lake





The trout are placed in special tanks. Almost a half million trout were dropped into Lake Powell in the operation.



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Powell in less than an hour. During the trip, ice was added to the water to lower the trouts' metabolism, and oxygen was fed into the tanks to keep them alive in the subway-like environment.

After a low pass over the lake to set altimeters, the C-46 climbed to 700 feet and slowed to 110 knots. Once over the drop channel, release valves opened in one of the tanks and 15,000 rainbows began their headlong plunge to the water. The occupants of the first tank were in the air within a minute.

Fish and Game predictions of the aerodynamic qualities of the relatively large fish proved to be correct. Most of them had stabilized in a head-down position and slowed to a terminal velocity before hitting the water. Although stunned on impact, all but a few recovered to swim down to deep water. Department of Interior officials estimate less than a 5 per cent mortality rate, far below that which results from other means of transport.

In each of four passes, 15,000 trout entered the lake, and an hour later the C-46 was back in Kingman for another load. In four days, almost half a million

trout were moved from the hatchery to Lake Powell.

While planting fish by airplane is not new, the October drop was the first to plant fish of this size in quantity. Intermountain Aviation, Inc. conducted a test plant of 7,200 six-inch rainbow in Mojave Lake last spring with less than one per cent mortality. Handling of the fish, time en route, and transportation environment affect the rate of mortality far more than the final high dive. And once in the water, these fish, because of their size, have a better survival-from-predators rate than the usual fingerling graduate from a hatchery.

Since hatchery-raised trout do not normally reproduce, the sport-fish population of recreation areas such as Lake Powell must be maintained by planting. The success of Operation Fishdrop assures that planting of larger, sturdier fish by air will become commonplace.

So don't be alarmed if you happen to be fishing this summer and a large silver aircraft flies overhead with what appears to be smoke trailing behind it. Just duck your head and listen to the patter of Arizona's "flying fish." □



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MOJAVE PETROGLYPH LEGENDS

by James M. Harrigan



LURING an era in America when the goliaths of the animal kingdom were being subdued by a new creature—man—a flint-tipped spear missed its mark and struck a rock, leaving a scratch across its face. This rock with the scratch became a marker and this pre-historic man was reminded of his bad luck everytime he passed that particular rock. The other members of his clan learned of the rock and of the bad luck sign on its face and they learned that by scratching a hard flint stone over the face of any softer rock, they too could make a bad luck sign.

Eventually such marks were made into angles, arcs, and circles. Early man had learned the basic design structures for symbols, visual representations of things that they could or could not see. Those symbolic signs were held sacred. Many of them survived from generation to generation, becoming more or less sophisticated. Petroglyphs, as they are called now, are the remnant sign-posts of a civilization long vanished.

Primitive man living in his hostile environment was the frequent victim of the ravages of nature and sought ways to appease these fearful elements which had become his gods. He selected special places to perform certain rites which were to become traditional, and he designed special petroglyph symbols and carved them upon the rocks within these areas so that all would know the sacred places. In areas around his encampments, he carved symbols to relate the legends of his tribe which subsequently became as important to his progeny as the Holy Bible is to us today. Legends have a basic truth underlying their exaggerations or they would not have survived.

The Mojave and Chemehuevi Indians

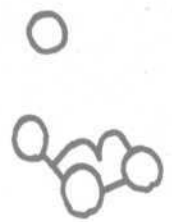
lived as neighbors, although they were not related. The Mojave stemmed from the New Mexico tribes and the Chemehuevi from the Shoshones. Their languages were different and their cultures were not the same, although they traded wives on occasion. Their petroglyph symbols are quite similar, however, with similar meanings. It is through these symbols and their meanings that many of the California tribes achieved a spiritual understanding of one another.

The Chemehuevi roamed the Mojave Desert far and wide in search of food, which, especially in areas where springs existed, became their chief petroglyph sites.

A legend of the Chemehuevi found in the Turtle Mountains depicts tragedy and the results:

O' younger brothers, I will tell you how a great warrior who was very wise and very strong and who was the great Chief of your grandfathers came to lose his soul to the evil spirit that lives among the rocks and grass. The great Chief lived in his house at the top of the mountain with his two wives and many children. One day the great Chief decided to come down to the village to see his people and, unknown to him, the evil spirit of the rocks and grass concealed itself along the trail and when the great Chief passed this place, the evil spirit jumped out of its hiding place and put two knives into the foot of the great Chief, causing him much pain and sickness. The great Chief knew that the evil spirit had put a demon inside of his body and, being very sick, he lay down on the grass. Soon the demon inside of his body caused his eyes to grow tired, and then took away his breath. The two wives of the great Chief were very frightened and came down to the

Illustrations by the author



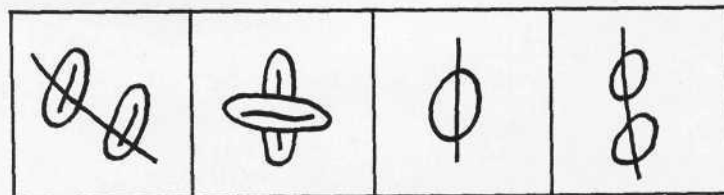
village with their children to tell all of the people. The people were very much afraid because it was a fearful omen to have one's Chief captured by an evil spirit. All the people, as a result, ran away and left their homes and went to the big river to the east.

The primary key to this petroglyph legend is the Chief. Then follows the snake under his foot and the empty house at the top, which indicates death, the women and children departing from the house, the village houses (shown as occupied) and the figures fleeing towards the river (Colorado River).

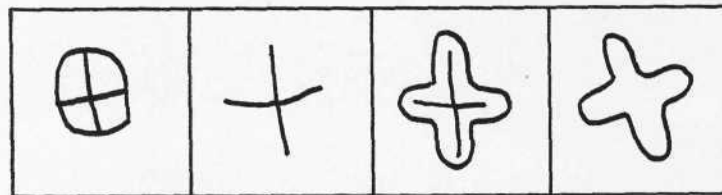
One of the ceremonial rites practiced by the Mojave was the puberty rite. In the Piute Springs area of the Piute Range the Mojave put his petroglyphs upon the rocks to indicate this sacred place. The Mojave god of creation was Mathowelia, who lived within a big mountain and received the young girls when they reached their puberty age. It was Mathowelia who was to make them pure and fertile. At this sacred place, holes were dug into the ground and the girls were buried in them up to their chin, remaining for three days while the older women brought them food. Ceremonial dances continued unabated and with increasing tempo until the completion of the rite. When the girls were removed from the ground, they were promptly bartered and married.

It is difficult to date the petroglyphs. Some are so faint they can hardly be seen. A legend of the Mojave relates of their creator god, Mathowelia, as having lived within a big mountain until it was broken down and their nation was destroyed. The earthquake inferred to must have been of tremendous magnitude to break a mountain down and bury the people. The Mexican tribes of Central America have legends about earthquakes of a catastrophic nature that took place hundreds of years before the Spanish invaders arrived. However, the newest petroglyphs are perhaps 150 to 200 years old. In many areas, where there are as many as three distinct ages of carvings, the ages may go back to 600 or 800 years.

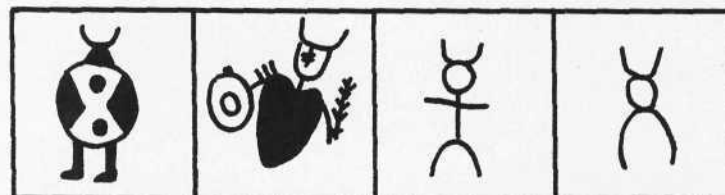
H. H. Bancroft, the famous historian and collector of facts, wrote, "To ancient myths has been attributed the preservation of shattered fragments of lost science." □



MOJAVE FERTILITY SYMBOLS



CHEMEHUEVI FERTILITY SYMBOLS



UTE PAIUTE MOJAVE CHEMEHUEVI

WAR GOD

SYMBOL COMPARISON OF FOUR TRIBES

ROCKS AND INDIANS

BY JACK PEPPER



As you drive along the road and look up on the hill the building appears to be a mixture of Swiss chalet and English Normandy architecture, and you have a feeling the huge Joshuas should be replaced with trees from the Black Forest of Germany.

This incongruity is compounded when you walk into one of the most unusual buildings ever constructed by imaginative man. The Antelope Valley Indian Museum is not constructed next to the sandstone buttes, it's built on top of them with 70 percent of the floors and walls being the natural rocks of the buttes.

The back wall of the huge main room is native rock, complete with a natural spring and pool. The stairway from the main room to the second story is a vertical cut through two huge boulders, with the steps carved from rock. The second story floor is the top of several boulders. To top it all, the museum is located on Piute Butte near Palmdale, California, only two hours from Los Angeles. The only fallacy about this is the Piute (Paiute) Indians did not live in California.

But this is the only fallacy. Inside the unusual building is housed one of the best collections of pre-historic and Indian artifacts in the Southwest. And, as previously indicated, the artifacts and treasures are displayed in a natural surrounding which makes the visitor feel he is actually living among the Indians of the past.

The private museum is owned and operated by Mrs. Grace Oliver, a charming woman who has "been exposed to archeology and collecting artifacts since

I was 10 years old and the more I collect and learn, the more I realize how little I know about our past." Her fellow archeologists, who come from all parts of the world to study at her museum, praise her knowledge and collections.

Mrs. Oliver bought the building in 1937 from H. Arden Edwards, an artist, who built the original structure as a hideaway. At that time it consisted only of the main room and a few artifacts. It was Edwards who named the butte after the Indian tribe that was never there.

With the exception of a three-year period, the museum has been open since 1937 with Mrs. Oliver enlarging the collections and adding new rooms to

house the artifacts and displays. Among major displays are the extensive Irving S. Cobb collection of Plains Indian material and the Lackland family basket collection.

In addition to the upstairs California Indians room, there are displays on Southwest Indians including the Hohokam, Anasazi, Hopi, Navajo, Zuni and Apache. She has just completed another room which will be devoted to artifacts from foreign countries.

Due to several factors, Mrs. Oliver closed the museum in 1964 and for three years traveled extensively in Europe and Asia, collecting as she traveled. After three years the pressure from educators



Artifacts and paintings of California Indians are displayed on natural rock formations. Vertical entrance to second floor is between two boulders, lower right.

and other museum officials became so great she re-opened the doors. One of the factors was a long and discouraging negotiation with government officials for the County of Los Angeles to purchase the museum. Mrs. Oliver feels she has been caught in a political situation, and is deeply resentful at the attitude of some county officials.

Since the museum is privately operated, which it will be until the "political situation" is settled, Mrs. Oliver must charge one dollar admission for adults and 50 cents for children over 6. Regardless of whether you are interested in Indian culture, a visit to the museum is well worth the admission charge just to see the unusual building that, according to the brochure, "is so original it defies description."

It is located near 150th Street on East Avenue M, approximately 18 miles from either Palmdale or Lancaster, California. It is open every day from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M., except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years. □



Kachina Hall is the main room of the Antelope Valley Museum. Back wall is natural sandstone with spring water flowing down the side. Upper photo illustrates some beautifully preserved artifacts and skulls of primitive man.

Strictly from a Woman's Viewpoint

We have decided it's time to have an informative column for our women readers. And, it's about time, since *Desert Magazine* is 31 years old! In this column will be hints and information on how to make traveling, camping and enjoyment of the outdoors easier for the hard working ladies who are usually cooking beans while the man is out exploring or rock hounding.

This is your column, ladies, so if you have any ideas you would like to share with others please send them in, attention Viewpoint. How to entertain the kids while traveling, how to keep beans from burning while you're exploring, what are the best shoes to wear in the desert, how to keep your husband from snoring . . . anything to help make life easier for the fairer sex is for Viewpoint. To start off here is a recipe. Happy cooking!



CAMPER'S TAMALE PIE

From Sundowners Jeep Club Bulletin
Santa Fe Springs, California

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 large can tomatoes
- 1 can whole kernel corn
- 1 can minced olives
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup yellow corn meal
- garlic salt and pepper

Brown meat in skillet. Add tomatoes, seasonings and corn meal mixed with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water. Mixture will thicken some while cooking. Simmer about 20 minutes until corn meal is done, stirring occasionally. Add corn and olives just before cooking is completed. Serves four.

Greenhorn's Luck

by Robert O. Buck



MORE than a century ago a hard working miner, prospecting for gold on Jackass Hill, Tuolumne County, California, spent several months and plenty of sweat digging a hole, then gave it up. Discouraged, he moved on, seeking his end of the rainbow on some other hill. Little did he realize that he had stopped digging within six feet of a fortune.

Many stories came from Jackass Hill of rich gold discoveries made by the hundreds of pocket hunters who had dug on the hill. Other stories came from Mark Twain's pen, for this is the site of the cabin, now an historical landmark, in which he spent many hours on his famous writings read and loved around the world.

It was the year 1931. The great depression, triggered by the stock market crash of 1929, was at its worst. Jobs were scarce. Many people were out of work and hungry. Many of the unemployed in California came to the Mother Lode gold country to pan gold for a living. It was California's second gold rush. Nearly every stream and river in the Sierra Nevada foothills was lined with men, women and children. Working with pick and shovels, gold pans, rockers and sluices, they all made a living, of sorts, by working over ground that had been the leavings of those earlier miners, the '49ers. Many old dumps from abandoned mines, that showed any signs of free gold, were also worked, and some paid handsomely.

This story has to do with one of the men of that era. His name was Robert Newmeyer. A single man, he had been living in the San Francisco area. When he found himself without a job, he read a newspaper account of the people who were beating the depression and making a living by reworking the gravels of the Mother Lode country.

He was not a miner. In fact, had never been near a gold mine in his life. But, broke and desperate, he put all his belongings in a bag and set out afoot for the gold country. After looking around a few days for a suitable place to dig, he ended up on Jackass Hill, just two miles from Tuttletown and overlooking the Stanislaus River to the north.

This area is honeycombed with tunnels, shafts and coyote holes left from earlier mining operations. This is pocket country and had been a very rich diggings. Thousands of eager pocket hunters

had worked and searched over this hill for more than eighty years.

It was all hard rock mining; the worst kind for a novice to attempt, and most of the old timers scoffed when Newmeyer asked them where they thought would be a good place to dig.

Finally, some kind hearted soul, probably just to get rid of him, pointed out an old shaft and told him, "Why don't you try this hole? It's about as good a chance as any."

Bob Newmeyer negotiated a lease with the property owner, on a royalty basis. A



Carson Hill viewed from the north as you travel down Highway 49, the Mother Lode Highway. Scar on hill is huge glory hole from recent mining operations.

percentage of anything he might find would go to the owner. Then he took a good look at his mine. This was an old shaft. The original hole had probably been started by one of those '49ers, and had gone through five or six other stages of digging through the years, until it was now about fifty feet deep. It had partly filled with rubble and needed timbering.

Most of the local inhabitants thought he was nuts, but Newmeyer went to work. Looking around at some of the other working prospect holes, he learned how to construct a windlass, found some rope and a bucket. He repaired the ladder down the shaft, gathered up some old timbers and shored up the collar of the shaft. After cleaning the debris from the bottom of the hole, he was ready to start digging.

Climbing down the ladder, he would fill the bucket, climb back up and wind up the windlass. Then dump the bucket, let it back down, climb back down the ladder and repeat the process. This he did for several days, not even knowing for sure what he was looking for.

By his own story, he was downright discouraged and ready to give up the whole idea when, after digging about six feet deeper in the shaft, he dug into a black sticky muck, which resembled graphite. It was black and sticky and a mess to work in. He was covered with this black, decomposed slate from head to foot the day I saw him as he climbed out of the shaft.

In the black muck he was digging, there were several chunks of hard, heavy material. These pieces were so coated with the black muck it was impossible to identify them as anything other than a rock, and they interfered with his digging in the muck. They were continually getting in the way of his shovel. His only interest was to get this blankety-

blank muck out of the way so he could continue in his search for gold.

For two days he dug in this muck and hauled it to the surface, dumping it in a pile near the shaft's entrance. Then a larger lump than the others was encountered. A little difficulty was experienced in getting it out with the shovel and into the bucket. In struggling with this chunk, Newmeyer gouged it with his shovel and a gleam of yellow met his eye. Hurrying to the surface, he washed the chunk. Even to this rank amateur, it was obvious that he had struck gold!

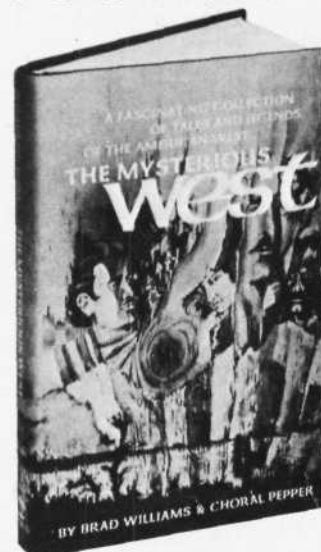
Newmeyer then examined the pile of black muck which he had thrown out and was considered by him such a "pain in the neck" while digging. Many of these chunks in the black, sticky muck were also nearly pure gold.

The rank amateur who had been scoffed at by some of the miners in the area had found a fortune in an old abandoned mine shaft that others had worked but given up as not worth the effort. Countless others had walked by, completely ignoring it for years. This is a true story of Robert Newmeyer. I met the man, saw the gold and the hole it came from at the time he was digging his fortune.

To the sight-seer touring the Mother Lode country, a visit to Jackass Hill is a must. Traveling north on State Route 49 (the Mother Lode Highway), from the Sonora-Columbia area, you will find a well marked turnoff about one mile beyond Tuttletown. A short mile of paved winding road will lead you to the top of Jackass Hill. The road ends on the top of the hill in a natural, parklike setting surrounding Mark Twain's cabin.

While there, notice the many abandoned mine shafts and holes. Someone else may have stopped digging within reach of a fortune. □

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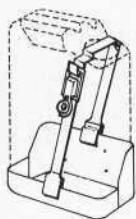
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Ghost Town Shadows, Ghost Town Treasures and Boot Hill

Knight's Ferry, California

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

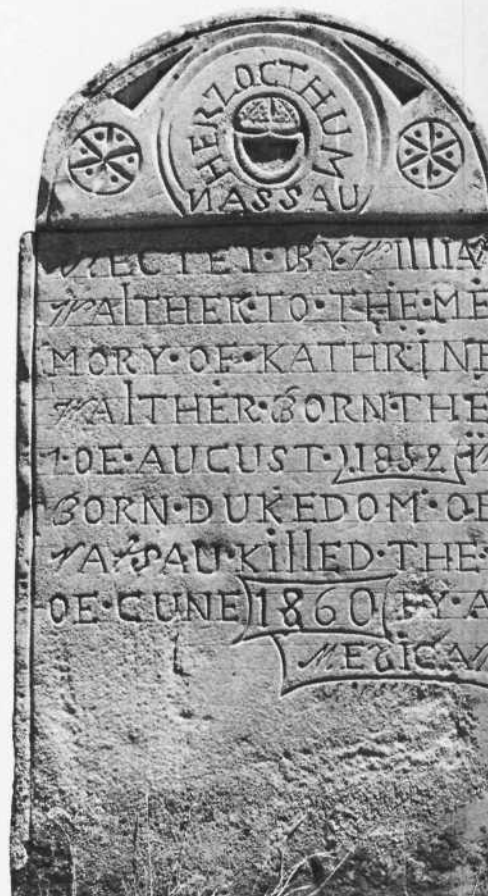


TEM from the *San Joaquin Valley Republican*, about 1855: "The story goes that a party of miners were working on a claim of sluice

and hydraulic pipes and hose at a point called Buena Vista nearly opposite Knight's Ferry. One night about dark a miner found an object which had washed off the bank like an ordinary stone and was about to pass on into the sluice. The effulgent gleams from it lit up all the space in the vicinity and caused much astonishment in the hardy workmen.

"The pipeman picked it up and was about to pass it on to his comrade, but accidentally dropped it, allowing it to fall into the sluice where it passed on into the mass of mud and stone known as the tailings. A company of spiritualists at Knight's Ferry is trying to discover the present locality of the stone reported to be larger than the Koh-i-noor."

The Stanislaus River, upon which Knight's Ferry was settled, has had a history fitting to one of the wildest and most picturesque streams of the Sierra. The first man of note to explore it was Gabriel Morgan, while searching for a mission site in 1808. Eighteen years later the area near its mouth was the scene of the most important of several battles between Mexicans and Indians. This fight was led, on the Indian side, by Chief Estanislao who had been educated at Mission San Jose, but later turned renegade. Not clear is whether the river and subsequently the county was named for Estanislao before his defection, or for one of the Polish Saints called Stanislaus. Chief Estanislao, incidentally, lost the deciding struggle in which his adversary was none other than General Vallejo. For many years afterward relics of battle were plowed up at the scene.



Relative peace prevailed along the stream until the historic cry uttered by James Marshall, "Boys, I believe I have found gold!" Shortly after this cataclysmic event, men by the thousands were swarming all over the Sierra Piedmont. Obstructing their free and easy passage were many tumbling mountain rivers, one of the largest of these the Stanislaus. In 1849 William Knight began operation of a ferry and trading post at a location where the stream ran deeply and, consequently, less boisterously.

Knight had come to California in 1841, first settling at Knight's Landing in Yolo County. He was a fur-trader, although rumored to have been educated as a physician. Like every other able bodied man, he caught the gold fever and one day was stopped on his way to the southern mines by the Stanislaus. He

wasn't alone in his difficulty, as many others were camped there, wondering how to get across. Knight saw an opportunity. Abandoning his search for gold, he set up a crude ferry operation. By 1850, with thousands of miners passing that way, receipts averaged \$500 per day, but Knight wasn't reaping the harvest. He died in November of the same year he established the business.

With Knight's death, the ferry was taken over by John and Lewis Dent. These two had a sister, Julia, who became the bride of Ulysses S. Grant, the latter visiting his brothers-in-law at Knight's Ferry in 1854. This year was an important one for the rapidly growing town. One Dent brother went into partnership with D. M. Locke and built a grist and sawmill beside the river. When a bridge was swung across the water, it put the ferry out of business. This bridge is generally believed to have been a covered, wooden one, but the author has an undated drawing of the town that clearly shows a suspension bridge.

However this span was constructed, it was built so near the water that a flood in 1862 swept it away. The mill buildings went along with the bridge. It was said that for a long time sacks of flour were recovered from the banks below the disaster, their contents hardened on the outside, but good under the shell.

Two years later a new bridge stood on the site of the first, this one on high stone piers and indubitably a covered wooden span. There can be no doubt about how this one was built because it stands today, still carrying a full load of traffic restricted to one way passage by a signal system. The span was put together with wooden pegs, a remarkable example of sturdy, early day construction.

Stanislaus County was cut from Tuolumne in 1854 with the first seat at Adamsville, a one time flourishing mining camp. With the demise of Adamsville, the county seat went to another, newer camp, Empire City. But mines here proved similarly ephemeral and La Grange took over as the seat of government. In 1862 however, Knight's Ferry was the metropolis and so became the new county seat. When this town, too, proved temporary, the seat was finally and permanently shifted to Modesto. As a sidelight, Modesto was originally named

Ralston to honor a prominent official of the Central Pacific Railroad. When Mr. Ralston declined the honor, the Mexicans obligingly renamed the place Modesto, Spanish for "modest."

A roaring gold camp, Oakdale, stood on the hill above Knight's Ferry. It was at its height about the same time and the two towns shared a cemetery located midway between and on a scarce plot of level ground on the river's bank. One of its fascinating old tombstones is pictured here. The "Dukedom of Nassau" must refer to the Duchy of Nassau which existed on the east bank of the Rhine in Germany from 1806 to 1866. □

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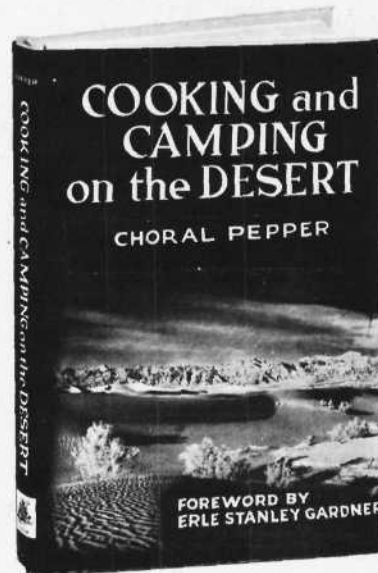
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AUTOGRAPHED COPIES ON REQUEST

FOUR WHEEL CHATTER by Bill Bryan

Driving a CJ5 Jeep, Carl Jackson, Hemet, California, was top winner in the National Four Wheel Drive Grand Prix at Riverside, Calif. Jackson showed his ability in both the eliminations and runoffs by out-maneuvering Monte Carlton, John Crofts, Bud Ekins, Larry Minor and Baja Champion Vic Wilson.

Besides three trophies and money from the sponsors, Jackson picked up \$100 from Dick Cepek whose Armstrong tires he was running, and \$150 from Clarence Shook of Rancho Jeep Supply Company. Trophies were furnished by Brian Chu-chuas Four Wheel Drive Center, Fullerton.

About 10,000 people attended the three-day event which was sponsored by the International Four Wheel Drive Association and sanctioned by N.O.R.R.A. Some of the clubs attending the event with good turnout of members included the Blythe Jeep Club, the Hill and Gully Riders of Riverside, the Desert Foxes, the Chuckwallas, Sareea Al Jamel of Indio and the Phoenix Jeep Club. Also on hand were Thurston Warn and Al Jensen of Warn Manufacturing Co., Heddley Mattingley of the Daktari television series, Al Cook of Kaiser Jeep Corp., Harold Hawthorne of Phoenix. Bruce Meyer, designer and builder of the Meyer-Manx dune buggy body, was great help to me in the judges stand. Rodger Musser and Ed Pearlman were among the many who did an outstanding job in the pits. Sorry I can't mention everyone. □

Desert Magazine each month will recognize either an individual or members of an organization who have contributed toward the preservation or conservation of our wilderness areas. We hope by presenting this award it will teach vandals and litterbugs to change their habits and enjoy and not destroy our natural resources. Please send your nominations for an individual or organization and a description of the project to Back Country Travel, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. 92260.

BACK COUNTRY

San Fernando Vagabonds Win Conservation Award

Campsites in the Little Sycamore Campground in the Angeles National Forest have been cleaned and improved thanks to members of the San Fernando Valley Vagabonds 4 Wheel Drive Club. They will be presented with a Desert Magazine's Conservation and Preservation Award.

Members first used their 4WD rigs and winches to remove numerous boulders of 500 pounds minimum weight from the campsites, working in coopera-

tion with personnel of the Angeles National Forest.

"After we finished with the rocks and put tables and heavy cement stoves in their proper places, we had completed 5 campsites," Don Renwick reported. "We also did our regular policing of the grounds, picking up the trash that thoughtless visitors had left behind."

Twenty-nine members using 17 vehicles spent a total of 407 man-hours working on the project. □



Members of the Vagabonds replace firebox in one of the camp stoves. Below, one of the campsites after the San Fernando club members completed their project.

TRAVEL



TOP DRIVERS COMPETE AT RIVERSIDE

There was plenty of action at the recent Riverside National Four Wheel Drive and Dune Buggy Championship with more than 10,000 spectators on hand. Top

honors went to Carl Jackson, of Hemet, driving a CJ5 Jeep sponsored by Dick Cepek and Armstrong Tires. In addition to the money he also garnered 3 trophies.



Marvin Carroll, Escondido, gets ready for a timed run during the Riverside 4th Annual National 4WD Grand Prix.



Dune buggy designer and builder George Haddock blew a transmission only twenty-five yards from the finish line.



Carl Jackson won the money and trophies in his CJ5 4-cylinder Jeep. The popular driver is from Hemet, Calif.



Ed Veneable and Gene Hightower, Blythe, prepare for their time run during the three-day action-packed event.

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"A GUIDE FOR Insulator Collectors" (with prices). 127 pages, 168 insulators described, sketched and priced, 4 group photographs, copies of 10 patents, copies from old catalogs—and more. An exciting new collecting field, start now and don't be sorry later. By J. C. Tibbitts, order from me at "The Little Glass Shack," 3161 56th St., Apt. B., Sacramento, Calif. 95820. \$3.00 (plus 5% tax for Californians) plus 25c for mail orders.

LOST DESERT GOLD, legendary and geological history of the southern California desert, with photos and maps to pinpoint locations. \$2.50 postpaid. Gedco Publishing Co., Box 67, Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

NEVADA TREASURE Hunters Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary. Railroads, towns, camps, camel trail. \$1.50. Theron Fox, 1296-C Yosemite, San Jose 26, California.

ARIZONA TREASURE Hunters Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, small early map, 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. \$1.50. Theron Fox, 1296-E Yosemite, San Jose, California.

SURVIVAL BOOKS! Guerrilla Warfare, Wilderness Living, Medical, Guns, Self Defense, Nature. Books—Vital, Fascinating, Extraordinary; Catalog free. Adobe Hacienda, Route 3, Box 517A, Glendale, Arizona 85301.

GUIDE TO MEXICO'S gems and minerals: localities, mines, maps, directions, contacts. English-Spanish glossary, too. \$2.00 postpaid. Gemac, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

"GEMS & MINERALS," the monthly guide to gems, minerals, and rock hobby fun. \$4.50 year. Sample 25c. Gems & Minerals, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

"ASSAULT ON BAJA," E. Washburn, 3934 Cortland, Lynwood, Calif. \$2.00 tax included, "zest of discovery" writes Belden; "wide-eyed experience" says Powell USC.

COMPLETELY NEW—Excitingly different! "101 Ghost Town Relics"—Beautiful color cover, lists over 140 relics, over 100 relic photos. Article on restoring, utilization of relics. A price guide included. \$3 ppd. Wes Bressie, Rt. 1, Box 582, Eagle Point, Oregon 97524.

FRANK FISH—Treasure Hunter—said Gold is where you find it. His book "Buried Treasure & Lost Mines" tells how and where to look, 93 locations, photos and maps. 19x24 colored map pinpointing book locations. Book \$1.50. Map \$1.50. Special: both \$2.50 postpaid. Publisher, Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, Calif. 91710.

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"THE OLD BOTTLE EXCHANGE,"—Bottle collectors own monthly publication. Subscribe today, \$4 year, receive free 50 word ad credit. Sample 25c. OBX, Box 243, Bend, Oregon 97701.

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• GEMS

SHAMROCK ROCK SHOP, 593 West La Cadena Drive. Riverside, California 92501. Parallel to Riverside Freeway. Phone 686-3956. Come in and browse; jewelry mountings, chains, supplies, minerals, slabs, rough material, equipment, black lights, metal detectors, maps, rock and bottle books.

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• MAPS

CALIFORNIA TREASURE hunters attention! Here it is at last! Buried treasures and lost mines on a road map! In color, 38 inches by 25 inches, Northern and Southern California on opposite sides, 127 locations, 5300 words of clues and descriptions; keyed numerically and alphabetically, city and county index's. Folded to pocket size. Only \$4 from: Varna Enterprises, P. O. Box 2216, Dept. A, Van Nuys, Calif. 91404. 5% sales tax, please.

COLLECTORS' ITEM: 1871 geographical map print, rare issue, Los Angeles, Kern, Ventura, San Bernardino areas. All old stage, freight stops, trails, roads, towns, etc. 18" x 24" rolled, \$2.95. Oma Mining Co., P.O. Box 2247, Culver City, Calif. 90005.

UTAH TREASURE, relic hunters ghost town map. Mining camps, forts, stage and railroad stations, Pony Express, emigrant, Spanish trails. \$1.00. George Thompson, 105 Whitesides, Layton, Utah 84041.

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EL RANCHO Galapagos Cactus Growers. You are invited to visit our greenhouses and cactus gardens on the east slope of Copper Mountain. Star Route 1, Box 710, Twentynine Palms, California. Phone 362-4329.

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AUTHENTIC SEAWEED COASTERS, gathered by divers along the California coast, scientifically preserved to retain their natural beauty. Please include 25c for mailing and handling. Coaster set of 4—\$2.40; 6—\$3.00. California residents add 5c on each dollar to: Al-gimar, Box 428, Del Mar, Calif. 92021.

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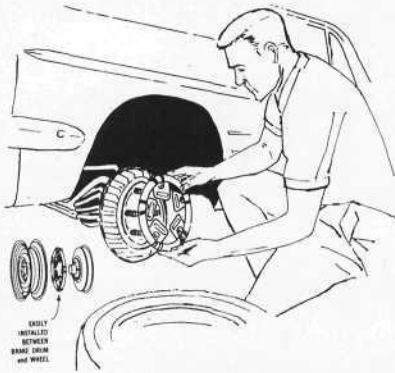
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NEW IDEAS by V. LEE OERTLE



CONTINUOUS WHEEL BALANCER

One of the slickest ideas I've seen in years is the new clamp-on and leave-on wheel balancer. This device counters the unbalance of the wheel rim or tire automatically, according to the manufacturer. It does this job continuously and without fixed weights. If the balance of the wheel or tire changes, the new Perfect Action Wheel Balancer counteracts that change as it happens. A series of free-moving steel balls within an oil-filled solution provides damping and lubrication. (The damping is necessary to keep the balls from sliding out of position during acceleration or vibration.) Sounds complicated, but the device works on essentially the same mechanical laws that make turbine rotors workable. Priced at \$21.95 per set, from Technosonics, Santa Fe Road, Taos, New Mexico 87571.

TRAILER LIFT

The new Pedalift is a compact little foot-jack that can be inserted under the coupler or dolly-shift to raise a heavy trailer tongue-load for easier hook-up. Since some trailers have tongue-loads of 1000 to 1500 pounds, the Pedalift device is obviously a real aid to reducing lifting effort. It also leaves the user's hands free to make the hook-up. Operation is by foot-pedal. It ratchets the trailer-tongue upward from 1 inch to 5 inches, and has a 300 pound hitch capacity. Pedalift sells for \$29.95 from Reese Products, Inc., P. O. Box 940, Elkhart, Ind. 46514.

TRANSMISSION COOLER

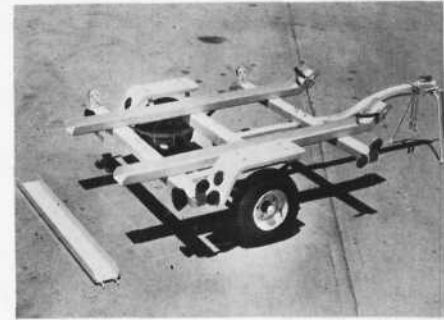
A new automatic transmission cooler should interest DESERT readers. Any mechanic will tell you that engine overheating is often caused indirectly by the over-hot automatic transmission. It in turn throws the load into the tank at bottom of radiator, which adds more heat to the cooling system than it can manage. The new Karmazin Power Cooler bypasses the engine cooling system with a compact radiator of its own, which is mounted just ahead of the car's radiator. The hot fluid from the automatic transmission is then passed through the Karmazin unit and cooled, then returned to the transmission. Installation can also be made behind the radiator, or anywhere under the hood. The price was not announced. For those towing boats, trailers, or horses here is a way to handle those hot desert roads and steep mountains in summer. From Karmazin Products Corp., Power Cooler, 3776 Eleventh Street, Wyandotte, Mich. 48192.



WATER CARRIER

This unique water carrier is made of translucent sanitary polyethelene and after use can be folded and stored away. It also can be partially filled with water, put in the deep freeze thus providing campers with water that gradually thaws as the day goes on. Has a spigot and handle for carrying.

It is available in two sizes; 2½ gallon container for \$2.00, and 5 gallon container for \$2.49. Distributed by Yeagle Enterprises, P.O. Box 306, Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057.



TRAIL-BIKE TRAILER

One of the most compact, handsome, and well-engineered bike-toters I've ever seen is the new Cycle Trailer from Golden Rod. This husky little trailer is built of steel channels and hauls one or two trail bikes easily. Eight eye-bolts strategically placed provide proper hold-down points. It comes complete with wheel-chains that are enclosed in vinyl tubing to prevent scratches. It also has a safety chain, and complete legal lighting equipment. The Cycle Trailer weighs just 216 pounds empty, and sells for \$154.70, from Dutton-Lainson Company, Hastings, Nebraska 68901.



LANTERN HOLDER

There's nothing like a handy projection to suspend that lantern at night — but sometimes big trees have no branches. A new item from Tempo Products solves the problem neatly. It consists of a 24-inch swing-arm, with a chain-fastener at the tip end. The other end fits into a special bracket that can be attached to a tree, camper, trailer, or a post in ground. The Lantern Holder sells for just \$5.95 from Tempo Products Co., 6200 Cochran Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44139.

Letters and Answers

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

To Mr. Bean . . .

In the Nov. '67 issue, you stated that you knew what direction "Mr. Pegleg" took when he left his jeep, because you knew where Pegleg Smith was found dying. You said you would answer any questions the readers asked as "long as it did not disclose the exact area."

Which Pegleg Smith were you referring to? Thomas, James, Albert, or some other so-called Pegleg? According to old newspapers, magazines—such as the San Francisco Bulletin, Red Bluff Beacon, Alta California—Thomas (Pegleg) Smith was in the San Francisco area from 1861 until his death.

According to Sardis W. Templeton's book, "The Lame Captain," pages 225-226, Thomas Long Smith, known as Pegleg Smith, at the age of 63 was admitted to the San Francisco County Hospital and remained there until his death on Oct. 15, 1866 at the age of 65 years and 3 days. According to reliable sources, your Mr. Pegleg Smith could not be Thomas Long Smith. Which Smith are you talking about?

MRS. A. BUSALD,
Anaheim, Calif.

Wrong Owner . . .

I am writing in regard to "The Mystery of the Arrow" by Retta Ewers in the March 1968 issue. It was stated that the property and the hotel was owned by the University of Redlands. The property (1,735 acres) and the hotel is owned and operated by Campus Crusade for Christ International.

CAROLYNN FOSTER,
Garden Grove, Calif.

Trigger Happy Cowboys . . .

We bought your March issue on the newsstand and it inspired us (my husband, baby and I) to visit the Dale mining district. With the exception of the weekend cowboys, the trip was indeed refreshing.

However, a word on those gun-happy cowboys who supposedly are adults; these idiots ought to have their "toys" taken away from them. Bullets whizzed within inches of us, one hitting a hill not six feet from where my 2-year-old daughter stood. When God gave us brains these trigger happy people missed getting theirs. I hope they see this letter, although I doubt if they know how to read.

CHRISTINE POOLE,
Redlands, Calif.

When You've Lost Your Marbles . . .

Jack Sheppard's article on rockhounds in the May issue reminds me of a story I was told when I first became a rockhound. The way to prove you are a rockhound is to fill a jar full of marbles. Everytime you bring a rock home take one of the marbles out of the jar and throw it away; when you have lost all your marbles you are a rockhound.

RALPH POTTER,
Borrego Springs, Calif.

Food for Thought . . .

On your front cover of the March issue you showed palm trees at Palm Canyon. No one seems to know who planted them or how old they are. Also, do you know there are more Joshua Trees near Searchlight, Nevada than in all of California's Joshua Tree National Monument?

ELMO MENETRE,
Hot Springs, New Mexico.

Wants Plans . . .

Relative to "Weekend Prospecting" in the February issue I would like to obtain plans and diagrams of the separator and sluice described by Carl Fischer.

CHESTER WISNIEWSKI,
Oakland, Calif.

Since many readers have asked for the plans, Mr. Fischer is taking time out from his busy schedule of prospecting and taking photographs (he is an excellent photographer as well as writer) to write an article on the subject. It will appear soon in Desert Magazine.

Truckhaven Road Completed . . .

Is it true that the old Truckhaven Road from the Salton Sea to Borrego is now paved and ready for passenger car traffic? I can remember when it took either a jeep or a good mule to go the distance.

ALFRED KNIGHT,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The last seven miles of a new highway which parallels the old Truckhaven Trail (which still exists and can only be traversed by 4-wheel-drive or a mule) is being completed. Dedication of the new Borrego-Salton Seaway is scheduled (as we go to press) for May 3. Let's hope the speeding motorists don't throw their cans out the windows, as it is a beautiful area.

Calendar of Western Events

Information on Western Events must be received at DESERT six weeks prior to scheduled date.

MAY 16-19, CALIFORNIA UNIT, AVION TRAVELCADE CLUB SPRING RALLY, Elfin Forest, junction of Harmony Grove and Questhaven Road, near Escondido, Calif. Limited to Avion trailer & camper owners.

MAY 18 & 19, SEARCHERS GEM & MINERAL SOCIETY'S 9th annual show, Retail Clerks Union Auditorium, 8530 Stanton, Buena Park, Calif. Free admission, free parking, prizes.

MAY 18 & 19, YUCAIPA VALLEY GEM AND MINERAL SHOW, Grange Hall, 13365 Second St., Yucaipa, Calif.

MAY 18 & 19, SAN JOSE ANTIQUE BOTTLE SHOW & SALE, Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, San Jose, Calif. Write Doris Sekevec, 677 N. Central Ave., Campbell, Calif. 95008.

MAY 25 & 26, AMERICAN RIVER GEM AND MINERAL SHOW, Rancho Cordova Community Center, 2197 Chase Drive, Rancho Cordova, Calif. Open to public, no admission.

MAY 30 & 31, LAS VEGAS JEEP IN family 4WD fun and events. Write to Las Vegas Jeep Club, Inc., P. O. Box 1874, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101.

MAY 30—JUNE 2, PROSPECTOR'S CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA annual convention, Galileo Park, California City, Calif. Demonstrations, swap meet, field trials, movies. Everyone, any age, welcome.

MAY 30-JUNE 2, SACRAMENTO JEEP CLUB'S annual Gold Country 4WD Classic. Write Sacramento Jeepers, P. O. Box 9201, Ft. Sutter Station, Sacramento, Calif.

JUNE 8 & 9, ROLLIN' ROCK ROUNDUP & GEM & MINERAL SHOW, Oakdale, Park, Glen Rose, Texas. Write Doyle Cooper, Box 398, Glen Rose, Texas 76043.

JUNE 8 & 9, SOUTH BAY GEM & MINERAL SHOW, Torrance Recreation Center, 3341 Torrance Blvd., Torrance, Calif. Free admission and parking. Experts and beginners. Write Ron Wood, 944 S. Eucalyptus Ave., Inglewood, Calif. 90301.

JUNE 11-13, NORRA CROSS COUNTRY 7-11 RACE, Las Vegas, Nevada. For back country vehicles. Write NORRA, 19730 Ventura Blvd., Suite 6, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

JUNE 15, ALL TRIBES INDIAN DAY, Bluff, Utah. Authentic Indian dances, Navajo fry bread contest, Navajo vs. Ute tug-of-war, bow and arrow contests, squaw wood cutting contest, sand painter, Indian craftsmen.

JUNE 15, HI DESERT C.B. RADIO CLUB'S annual steak fry, Knotts Sky Park, Twenty-nine Palms, Calif. Public invited, \$1.50 donation. Overnight camping facilities.

JULY 4-7, LOS ANGELES CACTUS AND SUCCULENT SOCIETY'S annual show. Los Angeles County Arboretum, 309 N. Baldwin Ave., Arcadia. Admission free.

